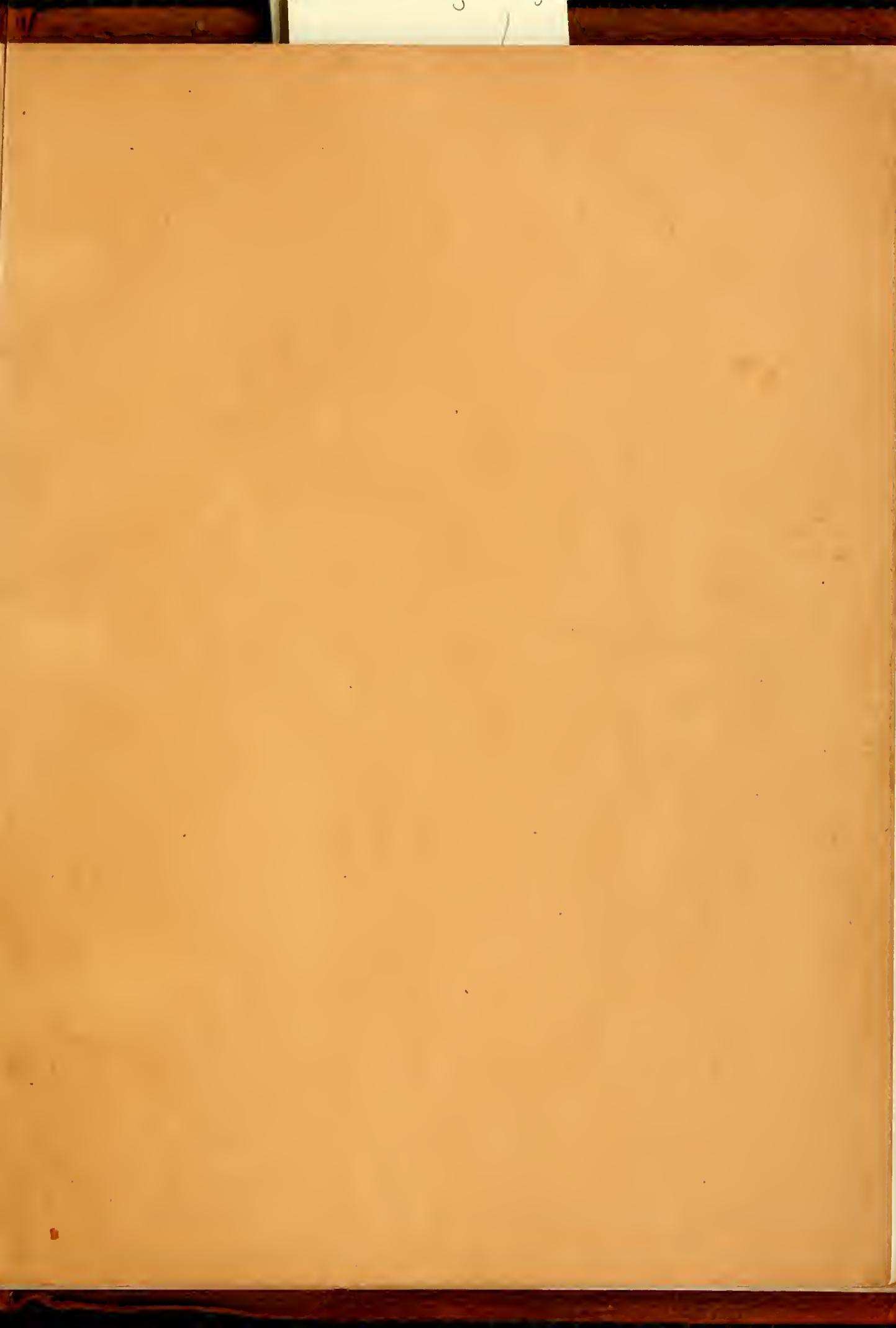


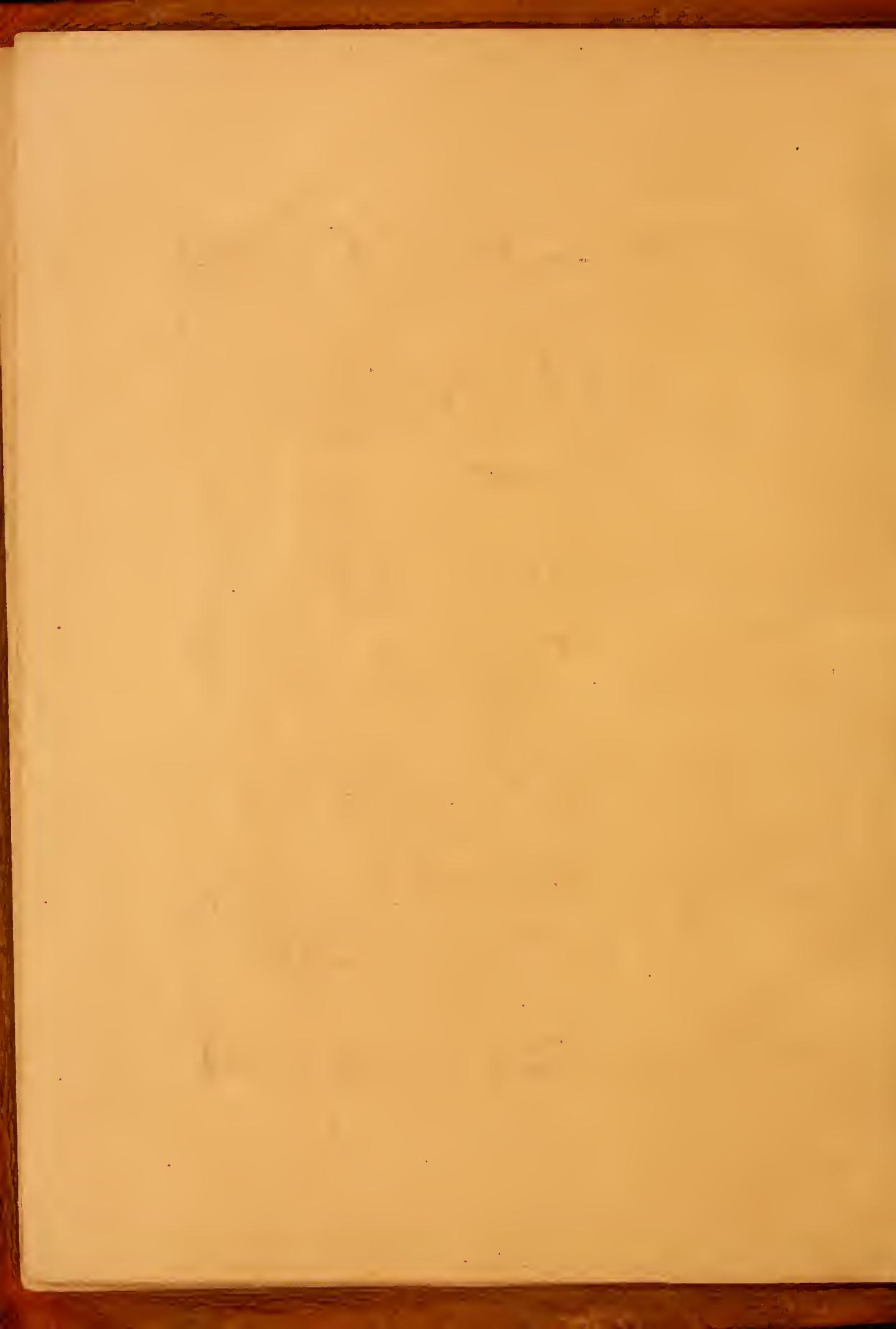
THE ALIIGATOR

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THE ALLIGATOR

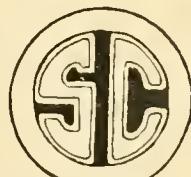
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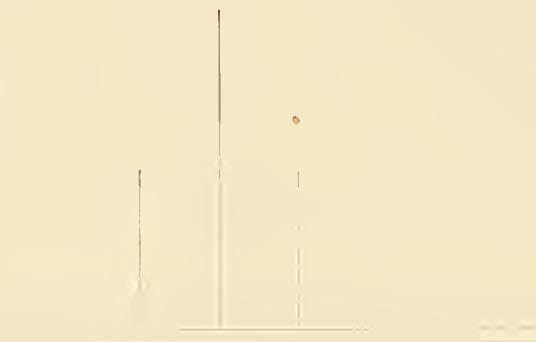
Southern College

Sutherland, Florida

Nineteen and  
Twelve.



- T.W.G. -



## Dedication

TO  
DR. JOHN P. HILBURN.

We, the Senior Class, in token of the esteem  
in which we hold him, in grateful recognition of his  
efficient service to Southern College, affectionately  
dedicate the ALLIGATOR OF 1912.

TO  
OUR PRESIDENT.







## Our President

There is a tradition that in the misty past "Our President" was a little boy, but of that we can not say definitely. Of one thing, however, we are sure; he is not the least of a family that has furnished preachers and public men to more than one of the Southern states, and while Dr. Hilburn is still a young man, he has filled many high positions in the Church. He has spent some time in the West, in both the school room and the pastorate. Since coming to Florida, he has been delegate to several General Conferences, and Presiding Elder, as well as a "preacher." Up to the present time he has signed every diploma issued by Southern College, either as President or as President of the Board of Trustees. His wise management has tided our College through her infancy and given her a rank among our best Southern colleges.

Dr. J. P. Hilburn's relation to Southern College in 1901 assisted in securing property and making it possible for the school to be chartered and opened the following year.

President Board of Trustees, 1901-1907. Financial Agent, 1903-1904. Awarded Degree of Doctor of Divinity by same, 1906. President Southern College, 1907—





Q. O. FEASTER,  
*Business Manager.*



LULU GREER,  
*Editor-in-Chief.*



T. W. CONRAD,  
*Art Editor.*

## Salutation

With a profound sense of our inability to produce a volume worthy of our institution, we have, in the following pages, presented some of the features of life at Southern. The work is incomplete, for our space has been limited; again, there are doubtless many mistakes, which we trust you who read will charge, not to willful intention, but to our liability to error.

To you, students, to you, patrons, to you, officers and instructors, do we commit this, the result of our labors. If you find worthy information, instruction, and pleasure, the knowledge of your appreciation will amply repay us for our efforts.



1. J. E. HENDRY. 2. L. N. PIPKIN. 3. REV. L. W. MOORE. 4. REV.  
S. W. LAWLER. 5. DR. W. C. RICHARDSON. 6. REV. JOHN B. LEY.  
7. HON. D. C. MCMULLEN.



1. REV. J. A. HENDRY. 2. HON. L. S. GIDDENS. 3. REV. J. P. HILBURN.  
4. REV. T. J. NIXON. 5. REV. J. B. LEY. 6. R. H. JOHNSON. 7. REV.  
D. A. COLE.

COLLEGES





W. H. RUSSELL

*Vice President and Professor of English.*  
Received the degrees of A. B.; A. M.; and M. D. from New York University. Principal High Schools for eighteen years; Member of Faculty of State Summer Training Schools for Teachers for several years. Pres. of State Teachers' Assn., 1908. Member of Executive Committee State Teachers' Assn.



DR. J. P. HILBURN  
*President of Southern.*



E. W. McMULLEN

*Chair of Mathematics, Normal.*

L. I. Degree Florida State Normal, 1901. L. I. Degree Peabody College for Teachers, 1902. A. B. University of Nashville, 1904. Held Mathematics Chair and Vice Presidency of Florida Seminary, 1904. Principal Normal Department of Southern, 1906-1912. Chair of Philosophy and Bible, Southern, 1906-1911. L. I. Degree, University of Florida, 1910. Instructor in Florida State Summer Schools, 1903, '08, '09, '11. State Certificate, 1909. State Life Certificate, 1911.



JAMES N. PLATT

*Physics, Chemistry and Biology.*

B. S. Florida Conference College, 1894;  
M. S. Florida Conference College, 1895;  
teacher in public schools of Florida, 1895-  
1902; Principal Baxley, Ga., High School,  
1904-1908; Special in Science University of  
Tennessee, 1908; Special in Science Univer-  
sity of Chicago, 1910; Chair of Science  
Southern College, 1908.



ORTON D. WAGNER

*Chair of Philosophy, Mental and Social  
Sciences.*

A. B. & A. M. Ohio Wesleyan University.  
Three years Principal High School. Three  
years professor Greek and Latin S. W.  
Kansas College. Two years pastor South  
Jacksonville, Fla.



MISS MARY ALLEN GRIFFITH

*Chair of Latin.*

A. B., B. O. Western Maryland College.



SARAH C. REID

*Chair of Modern Languages.*

A. B., Galloway College. L. I. Arkansas State Normal. Special work in Hendrix College. Chair of Latin, Sullins, Bristol, Va.

SKETCH OF W. C. BAUGH  
*Prin. of Commercial Department. Secretary to Dr. Hilburn.*

Holds College, Normal and two Commercial degrees.

I was born in old Kentucky,  
Where the blue grass waves so gay,  
Knew the joys of farmer boys,  
Learned to work and loved to play.

College life at eighteen ended,  
Normal school and teaching came;  
Wrote some poems, stories, notes,  
And so won an author's name.

But we left our old Kentucky,  
Sought the Southland far away;  
Learned to love, and then to sing  
"Florida, My Florida."

Business office, high school, college,  
Never from the harness free,  
Here I am at same old trade,  
Double rigged in our S. C.

March 28, 1912.





C. E. KENSINGER

*Prof. Greek Language and Literature and  
Principal of the Academy.*

Received A. B. degree from Southern College in 1909. Special in Education and Pedagogy in University of Tennessee in '06. Special in Science in University of Tenn. in '10. Teacher in Graded Schools of Tenn., 1896 to 1901. Principal of Florida High Schools for five years. Principal of Hillsboro County Normal for three years. Instructor in Normal Department of Southern for three years.



MRS. LUCY CONRAD

*Lady Principal and Dining Room Matron.*

For some years teacher in High School,  
Jacksonville, Fla. (Mother to all.)



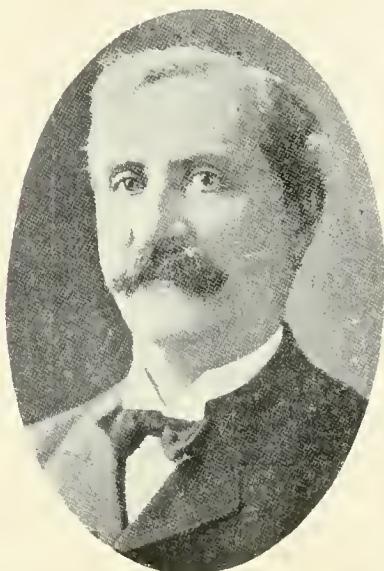
MISS ANNA DICKINSON

*Instructor in Academy.*



MRS. N. I. KENSINGER  
*Primary Department.*

Teacher in Public Schools of Polk County. Principal of Bowling High School, '04, '05.



SIGNOR CARLO MORA

*Director of Music, Piano and Voice.*

Born and reared in Italy. Received his training in Royal Conservatory. Played in company with Sir Julius Benedict at St. James Hall some years. Piano soloist for Gilmore's famous band, England. Director of music in St. Louis, Mo. Director of Music in Palmer University, Muncie, Ind., also in Cincinnati, O. Popular as a piano soloist all over U. S. and Europe.



MISS BESSIE CECIL

*Assistant Piano.*

B. M., M. M., Southern.



### HALCIA EULALIA BOWER

*Chair of Expression, Director of Physical Culture.*

Graduate of Peabody Normal College, Nashville, Tenn. Teacher in Southern Military College, Bainbridge, Ga.; High School, Waycross, Ga.; Duvall High School, Jacksonville, Fla. Special work in University of Chicago. Special work in University of Nashville. Special work in Boston School of Expression, also special study in Expression in Asheville, N. C., and Monteagle, Tenn. Specialized in Swedish Gymnastics under Baron Nil Posse of Boston.

### GEORGE SACLARIDES

*Chair of Art.*

School of Art in Athens, Greece, 1901-1907. Academy of Art in Munich, Germany, 1907-1909.





MISS NORA MORGAN

*Stenographer.*

B. M. (voice) Southern.



A. E. MOUNTAIN

*Librarian.*



MISS LELA CECIL

*Preparatory Department.*

A. B., B. P., Southern, 1909. M. P.,  
Southern, 1910.

D. L. GUY

*Teacher in Academy and Adjunct Prof.  
of English.*

Received A. B. degree from Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C., in '01. Principal of High Schools for five years in Florida and five years in South Carolina.

MISS SANFORD

*Matron of Boys' Dormitory.  
"The Boys' Friend."*

MISS MARIE HERNANDEZ

*Chair of Spanish.*

MRS. BAUGH

*Instructor of Domestic Science.*

MRS. CECIL

*Matron of Girls' Dormitory  
"The Girls' Friend."*

MRS. CARLO MORA

*Voice and Piano.*



## **Prof. Thomas M. Cecil**

The best of scholars and one of the noblest Christians who has ever exerted his influence in Southern—such is but a moderate estimate of Prof. Thomas M. Cecil.

A moment's look into his past, the good he has accomplished, souls won to Christ, intellects trained, impresses us with his extraordinary power.

His life has been exemplary, standing always for the right and the betterment of mankind. He looked upon knowledge, not as an end within itself, but as a means of usefulness in the service of his fellow men, as is evinced by his glowing record as a teacher, having spent forty years preparing southern youths to engage successfully in life's battles. For the past eight years he has held the chair of Mathematics in Southern College, where hundreds of devoted pupils have felt the kindly influence of his warm heart and received the benefits of his bright mind.

Prof. T. M. Cecil was born at Newbern, Pulaski County, Va., in 1842. When still in his teens he volunteered for the service of his country, going to the front as a member of "The Pulaski Guards", C. S. A. and served gallantly until the close of the war.

In 1865 he matriculated in Emory & Henry College, Va., where he distinguished himself as a student. While there he won the Mathematics Medal, also the Essay Medal offered by the Hermesian Literary Society. After having graduated from that institution with high honors he became a preacher in the M. E. Church South, but soon felt his need in the educational field and began his teaching career.

It was on the 22nd of July, 1911, at the home of his sister, Mrs. N. C. Lucas, Childress, Va., where he was spending his summer, that he succumbed to a sudden illness, and with his loved ones around his bedside, so willingly, so sweetly answered the call of his Father in whom was all his trust.

His loss to the devoted members of his family and to the hosts of saddened friends can never be estimated. We feel that his place in Southern can never be filled.

Our dear old Prof. Cecil, how we do miss him, his cheery smiles, words of encouragement and innumerable kindnesses. Now that his spirit has returned to the God who gave it, it is but for us to pattern our lives after his that we may meet again in that land where there is no death.

By a DEVOTED PUPIL.



THE LATE REV. T. M. CECIL.



MASTER ELDON McMULLEN, SENIOR MASCOT.



CLAUDE BAKER.



# **Senior Class**

MOTTO: Be thyself the true soul thou dost seek.

COLORS: Tan and Gold.

FLOWER: Magnolia.

YELL.

Boom, Rah, Rah, Rah,  
Boom, Rah, Rah, Rah,  
Who, Rah, Rah, Rah,  
Who, Rah, Rah, Rah,  
Who-o-o-o-o-o-o-o Rah,  
S-e-n-i-o-r-s.

OFFICERS.

O. O. FEASTER - - - - - President, Historian

LULU GREER - - - - Vice President, Prophet, and Poet

JOYCE MANN - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Secretary



B

°12



#### ORION OTIS FEASTER.

Orion—please don't let his name mislead you, he is not heavenly at all. His look of wisdom is contrary to fact. He too is descended from Adam. Poor Adam!—you have many queer specimens to be responsible for. However his capabilities are inconceivable and his possibilities unlimited, at least the faculty thinks so. Mr. Feaster is a man of favorites. His favorite expression is "Haven't even read it over"; favorite song, "Juanita"; favorite study, "Sociology" and favorite poem "Love". He has high aspirations for the healing profession and expects to indulge in the study of medicine for the next six years, after which he will some day be recognized as a "prodigy" in his line. Intends opening up one office at Seaside, another at Dunedin, using a biplane in making his calls, being then what he hopes to be—"a Doctor on the fly."

Feaster's noble Christian manhood has endeared him to all in Southern College and with his exit from her portals will go one of the finest, truest of boys. Ah! would that more were like him.

"With something of a lofty utterance drest—  
Choice word and measured phrase,  
Above the reach of ordinary men."

12

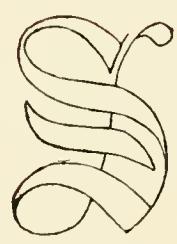
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LULU RACHAEL GREER.

Lulu has a very meek and innocent expression and seemingly studious habits, but alas! it is all a great mistake! She plans various and sundry tortures for a certain credulous person whom she persists in calling "Sister". She is cold and unsympathetic to all who for a moment allow her the "upper hand". It has been rumored that most of the noise in her part of the dining room is caused by this meek-looking person. She never studies if she can help it, but has gained a reputation of studiousness for herself by always carrying three or four books under her arm. Her room-mate says that she sleeps with her books and it may be that she is trying to absorb their contents by physical contact. The height of her ambition was to study osteopathy until a recent trip to the Lighthouse, since then she has announced her intention of taking a M(aste)r's degree. She distresses her science teacher by using the chemistries for scrapbooks and interrupting the experiments with water fights. Very much interested in the late Beatty case when it was being tried. When a certain letter does not come from the north with train-like regularity she languidly inquires of a classmate if he has heard from Griff lately and was there any news that she might be interested in.

"Yet graceful ease and sweetness void of pride  
Would hide her faults, if she had faults to hide."



°12



JOYCE MANN.

Yes, it is Miss Mann, the star of the Senior Class, has the weakness of being studious and carrying off all the scholarship medals, also had the "nerve" to win valedictorian's place. Best Man(n) in the class without a doubt. Talks continually—never gives another person a chance. Her favorite diet—oranges and salt.

Joyce has a few besetting sins such as having the sweetest temper on earth, winning everybody's love and admiration. She has ever been an inspiration to the faculty and fellow students and we re-Joyce at having had her for a classmate. She is a loyal Erolethean and one of the old Southern bricks. We fear her little(?) place can never be filled.

"Her voice is ever low and sweet.  
An excellent thing in woman."

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ALICE PETZOLD.

Alice, the fair Alice, our blue eyed maid, hails from New York. Happy to say, since her sojourn in Southern she has lost her Yankee twang. She is very optimistic, always looking on the bright side of life even in her varied experiences as a college girl, except at present she is worried over becoming thin. Alice is one of the few who are desirous of taking all that is taught at Southern. She is in for everything, lessons, society, crushes(?), Tarpon, fusses or any kind of excitement that happens to turn up.

The violin is her "hobby", her "idol", frequently we see a dreamy look steal into her blue eyes, her rosy cheeks grow rosier and we know she is thinking of the days when she will have finished her course in Germany and spell-bound audiences and flowery tributes to her art will be as the sands of the sea.

In spite of her talent and sweet little winning ways every one loves Alice. Her favorite motto is:

"What's the use to worry, you're bound to come out on top."

## **Senior Poem**

Our work is done; we pass along,  
With words of praise, with tears, with song;  
Sad tears for thoughts and memories,  
Glad tears for freedom's mysteries;  
Then songs of praise, a tribute to  
Our school—its gifts to me, to you.

The memories of school days past  
Will grow in mind, forever last.  
Light scenes of pleasure and of play,  
Bright gleams of work from day to day:—  
All adding strength and giving aid  
To fight life's battles unafraid.

You make, dear shrine, our minds secure  
In music, art, or literature;  
Strong thoughts you give, your very best,  
Wrong thoughts you quell with equal zest;  
So, Seniors, come; with joy exclaim;  
Southern College, hail her fame!

## Senior Editorial

**G**OING, going, going, gone! One, two, three, four! Time's auctioneer lets fall the hammer, sending a thrill through the heart of 1912.

As members of the class of 1912, we have that feeling of sadness that must come to every graduating class as the time draws near for bidding farewell to the old college. We have been associated together in the class rooms for the four years past; we have met in friendly rivalry; we have shared victory and defeat; we have enjoyed intimate companionship, one with the other.

We have learned to love our college as every one loves his Alma Mater; we love it as a whole; we love every part of it; we love the chapel where we have sat together for so many mornings; we love the classrooms where we have been so patiently, so kindly instructed by our noble teachers, benefited each day by the contact with their lives and the excellent examples they have set us; every inch of ground that Southern calls hers has been endeared to us by the years of association. Then it is but natural that we should feel sad when we come to realize that within a few weeks we shall be breaking away from the associations of our college life—shall be saying farewell to our friends, and leaving behind us all that we have learned to love here.

But we should not bewail the end of our college career. Our years here have been a preparation for the more serious duties of life. We go forth with increased knowledge, with sharpened intellects, with studious and painstaking habits, and with our souls awakened and quickened into higher life, to do the work that falls to our lot. Whatever the work may be we shall do it well, and by doing it well we shall reflect credit upon ourselves and upon Southern.

Viewed from the last days of a Senior year the hours have passed quickly, that have brought the end. We are not sorry to leave you, Alma Mater. There is that within us that "bids not sit, nor stand, but GO!" The winds rush past our ears crying, "Up and away!" The awakening powers of young manhood and young womanhood are forcing us from your fold. We would not stay longer with you, and yet—and yet—and yet—

To the classes that remain behind we would say that we almost envy you your remaining years in school here, for we believe it will be a great privilege to share and rejoice in the new life that is evidently coming to the old college. There are unmistakable signs of an awakening and we shall watch with interest every step of progress that results from this awakening; and especially shall we watch the part that you take in this new life, for upon you in a large measure will depend the success of many of the new movements. We shall be with you in spirit in the years to come; we shall rejoice with you in every victory; and suffer all your defeats with you just as we have done in the past.

Other classes have gone from your doors, Alma Mater—others more brilliant, perhaps, than our own; but none has gone forth with a purer, cleaner record than goes forth this Senior Class. And we pledge you that, as the years pass by, your heart shall never ache, and your head never bow in shame over a son or daughter of 1912.

## Senior Prophecy

THE day was a sultry one in the early part of August in the year 1920. I was spending the summer at one of the numerous resorts on the Atlantic Coast. Having strolled along the shore, I passed the bathers, fishing piers, and finally sat down on the sand, my back against a sand heap, with a parasol tilted in order to shade my eyes, and still I was not comfortable. The oppressive atmosphere made me feel quite drowsy.

Just at this moment an unusually large foam-crested wave attracted my attention. It came rolling in toward me so majestically that I was forced to notice it. As it dashed against a large boulder just in front of me, an iridescent spray was sent up from which emerged a beautiful siren, whose green skin was glistening like a magnificent emerald in the sun. Her cheeks were tinged with pink; her heavy hair was of bronze green; dark eyebrows and drooping lashes added to her beauty. As for her eyes, they were most attractive, for she was the very semblance of grace. While I gazed at her I became aware of the softest, sweetest strains of music. At first I thought it must be some wind instrument, but soon concluded such music could not be produced by any mortal. It surely must and did come from the sea. Soon everything seemed to be drifting—drifting, the clouds overhead, the lazy waters, and even myself. Yes, I was actually drifting out to sea, on my wave, and felt in a position to sympathize with the hopeless lovers of the Lorelei.

When I again became conscious of my surroundings, I was resting on a moss-covered rock in a wonderful cave. Around the vast apartment were scattered lacey rugs of red and green sea-weed. On the floor were beautiful little pink shells, as delicate in tint as rose leaves, and from the roof of this cave hung stalactites. I had no time to contemplate these submarine beauties, for at this moment I again became aware of the presence of the little nymph, who, for the first time spoke to me in her soft, dreamy voice. Much to my surprise she told me she had been preparing for my coming which had been ordained eight years before. She led me through several of these fairy recesses until we came to a brilliantly lighted room. I thought it must be a picture gallery, for both sides were hung with what seemed to be pictures, covered with the finest gauzy curtains. She vanished from my side, glided over to the first picture. I, wide-eyed, awaited future developments. Then beckoning me to take notice she gently raised the soft film which hung gracefully over the picture, disclosing a most beautiful scene. It was a handsome, good-natured looking man sitting at the breakfast table in an attractive dining room, over which presided our rosy-cheeked, happy Alice. Yes, there sat our talented violinist, Alice Petzold. Much surprised was I that she should have given up her musical career, but soon forgot my disappointment when I saw how gracefully and happily she was fulfilling the true sphere of woman.

The next picture seemed smoked or clouded and we were about to pass it by, when our attention was caught by a flash of red, the smoke, which arose from a huge black pot, now cleared entirely away. A crowd of gruesome cannibals in short red skirts, the brightness of which made us change our minds about viewing the picture, seemed to be holding a conference around the pot. Not far off, shielding the poor old man from his enemies, was a little missionary whom we recognized as Joyce Mann. She seemed to have, after evidently much

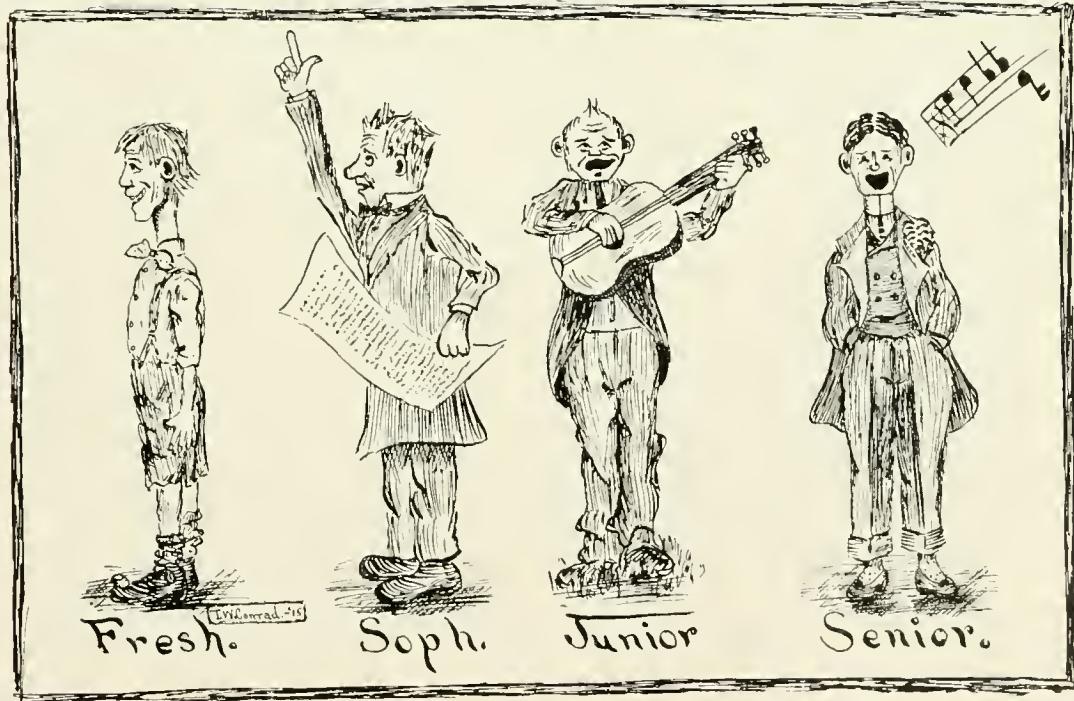
pleading, persuaded the savages to listen and consider her argument for sparing the life of this man. Our sweet, intellectual Joyee had after taking her A. M. from Southern, given up her life to the noble cause of mission work.

The next glance into the future revealed an operating room, in a large sanitarium; a group of doctors—a most distinguished group—were holding council in one part of the room, and presiding over this I recognized our ambitions Mr. Feaster. The scene shifted a little disclosing this noted physician closely bent over the operating table, performing a critical operation which the others feared to undertake, and with wonderful success too, as was shown by another scene, which was an expression of awe and wonder on the part of the group of learned doctors, and gratitude of the father of the afflicted child, so magically restored to his parents.

The door of an elegant home was then thrown open. In the parlor I recognized our piano graduate of 1912, Juanita Pipkin. As she softly played in the summer twilight dreaming of her career, unknown to her, her Sir Galahad entered the room (he looked like a doctor) lightly tip-toed to the piano and stood by her side. Her fingers were lingering on the final notes as she looked up. The scene ended here. Had I seen more I might have answered the following question. Had she stopped dreaming of her career or was she just beginning it?

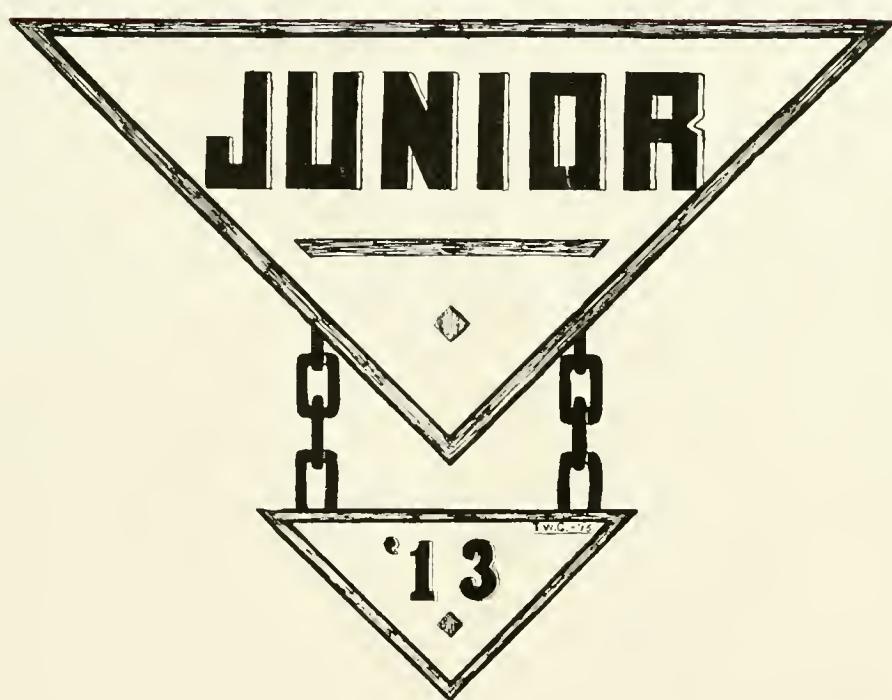
As for L. R. G., she is a dreamer born, dreamer bred, and when she dies she'll be a dreamer dead.

## THE EVOLUTION OF A SENIOR.





WITH THE SENIOR, NEVERMORE



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## **Junior Class**

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MOTTO: ΕΩΣ ΕΣΜΕΝ ΖΩΜΕΝ

COLORS: White and Gold.

FLOWER: White Rose.

### OFFICERS.

JAMES TIMBERLAKE	- - - - -	President, Historian
HERMAN DANIEL	- - - - -	Vice President
CORNELIA BRITTLE	- - - - -	Secretary
JOHN BRACCO	- - - - -	Treasurer
FRANCES YOUNG	- - - - -	Prophet
RAY HOWLAND	- - - - -	Poet

### MEMBERS.

CORNELIA BRITTLE

FRANCES YOUNG

JAMES TIMBERLAKE

RAY HOWLAND

HANSON THROWER

HERBERT FUSSELL

HERMAN DANIEL

JOHN BRACCO

## Junior Class Poem

As my Junior days are over  
    And Life's sun is nearly high,  
I can only sit and ponder  
    And think of the days gone by.

Such days are for me no longer,  
    Life's play days will soon be o'er,  
But the days and the names of the Juniors  
    My memory keeps fresh evermore.

As I sit here alone in the evening,  
    Around me the twilight is still,  
When lo! There whispers an echo,  
    Coming from over the hill.

An echo I know not the source of,  
    But it must have been started of old,  
For the names that this echo whispers  
    Are names that have oft been told.

How my heart sings gladly within me,  
    And the pace seems all too slow,  
As led by this echo backward  
    On memory's path I go.

To the names which this echo whispers  
    I am tied by many a band,  
By our joys, our trials, our hardships,  
    May we meet in a brighter land.

Brittle, Fussell and Thrower,  
    List to what the echo sung,  
Daniel, Bracco, Timberlake,  
    My heart with each name is rung.

The echo is silent a moment,  
    Its music no more I hear,  
But wait! The sweetest of all:  
    "You will meet again next year."

POET, 13



J. A. TIMBERLAKE



R. A. HOWLAND



CORNELIA BRITTLE



FRANCES YOUNG



HERBERT FUSSELL



J. H. DANIEL



J. J. BRACCO



HANSON THROWER

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## Junior Prophecy

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We, the Senior Class of '13, decided before leaving Southern College, that ten years from our Commencement day, we would have a meeting in Dr. Russell's class room and each member would try to be present.

May 28, 1923. It is a beautiful day, all is gold and green, with every bird singing its little heart out in ecstasy, as if God had just made the world.

With the exception of Mr. John Bracco and Mr. Hanson Thrower, the class of '13 had assembled in Dr. Russell's class room.

Mr. Daniel seemed very anxious to tell us his experience first. We were all glad to hear of the fine work he had been doing preaching the Gospel. Mr. Daniel leaves in July for India where he will join Mr. Bracco in his missionary work.

Mr. Ray Howland, after leaving school, decided that he would study medicine. He practiced successfully for two years in Atlanta. Then he gave up his profession for literature. Even in his college days we remember Ray as quite a poet, and now he is doing some fine work in this line.

Mr. Timberlake and Mr. Fussell are rather young to be such fine lawyers but they have shown themselves worthy of being ranked among the best legal lights of the country.

We were surprised to hear that Cornelia had been teaching school in Georgia. There is no doubt that she had her share of trials and tribulations. The most interesting part of her experience was about one of her pupils last year. This little boy with large brown eyes and dark hair was named James. James was so mischievous that he was continually disturbing Cornelia, as well as the other pupils. After trying various kinds of punishment, she did not spare the rod, and decided to call upon James' parents to see if they could not assist her to manage him. Upon asking James his father's name she was astonished to hear him say that it was Hanson Thrower. This name sounded very familiar to Cornelia. She asked James if his father were not practicing law in one of the large towns near by. She was surprised when he answered, "Pa started out lawin' in one of them big towns but he couldn't do nothin' at that so he come out here and is a-farin' now." Cornelia called on Mr. and Mrs. Thrower that very afternoon and was delighted to find that it was her old class-mate of S. C.

We hope that Southern College will always be proud of her class of '13. The class adjourned to meet again in 1933.

PROPHET—'13.

## Junior History

**S**INCE the history of all great organizations is demanded by the admiring world, it has befallen me to write a history of the Junior Class. I realize that in order to write a true and complete history, it is necessary to give the date of birth, home and a brief sketch of the character treated. But political honor forbids that I expose any ages, for it was upon that platform that I was elected to this great office.

However, I shall venture the suggestion (on the other side) that they are every one between the fifteenth and thirty-first summer. Then, too it would be impossible for me to crowd into the small space allotted to me, all the details necessary for a complete history. So I shall give only a few facts concerning each member.

The most remarkable thing about our class is, "Its smallness"; only eight in number. However, we do not let the size of the class hinder us from doing anything we deem necessary.

Our class has indeed a great history, ranging from the primary department to the sophomore year.

Miss Cornelia Brittle has the honor of being the original founder of the class, beginning in the first grade of the primary department. She indeed deserves great honor from the class, and I do not hesitate to say, that we as a class esteem it a great honor to have such a faithful member. "As a short prophecy," I may say, judging from the past record, and her present standing, that she will have the honor of being Valedictorian for the Senior Class of '13.

Mr. J. H. Daniel is another distinguished member of our class. He entered here in his sophomore year. Since that time he has distinguished himself in many ways. I may say here, that he is one of the leading ministers of Southern College. When first entering the college, he joined the Philomathean Literary Society, and there made his ability as a public speaker known; so much so that the society bestowed upon him the greatest honor in school, by making him, "Orator," in the Inter-Society Contest, of which we are glad to say that he was a winner.

Mr. Daniel also has the honor of being one of the speakers in the inter-collegiate debate which will take place here sometime in the near future between Southern College and Stetson University. The Class hopes him great success.

Mr. J. A. Timberlake entered Southern College Sept. 17, 1910, as a freshman. Of course everyone knows the history of a freshman, for the name itself is sufficient to tell. Well, the name was not misapplied to him in the least. When first entering school he also became a member of the Philomathean Literary Society.

Only a few weeks after joining, the society bestowed upon him the honor, as a speaker in the Inter-Society debate, of which we are glad to note he was on the winning side. The society has also bestowed upon him the honor of representing them as orator in the Inter-Society Oratorical Contest.

Mr. H. B. Fussell is another renowned member of our class. He has the honor of being next to the original founder of the class of '13, and far greater than this will be the youngest graduate under the present curriculum. Mr. Fussell is a distinguished member of the Phi Sigma Literary Society.

Miss Frances Young, "The Belle of our Class," came in with us in her sophomore year. Miss Young, upon entering school joined the Erolethean Literary Society, and since that time she has been a true and faithful member.

Mr. J. J. Bracco, "the well known ladies' man of Southern College," entered here as a sophomore. Since that time he has been a true and faithful student. He also is a member of the Philomathean Literary Society.

Mr. R. A. Howland is another member, to whom the class owes great honor. Mr. Howland on entering school here, became a member of the Phi Sigma Literary Society, and since that time has filled many places of honor. Mr. Howland has the honor bestowed upon him of representing Southern College in an inter-collegiate debate against Stetson University. We feel sure that he will bring home a great victory to the college and especially to the Junior Class.

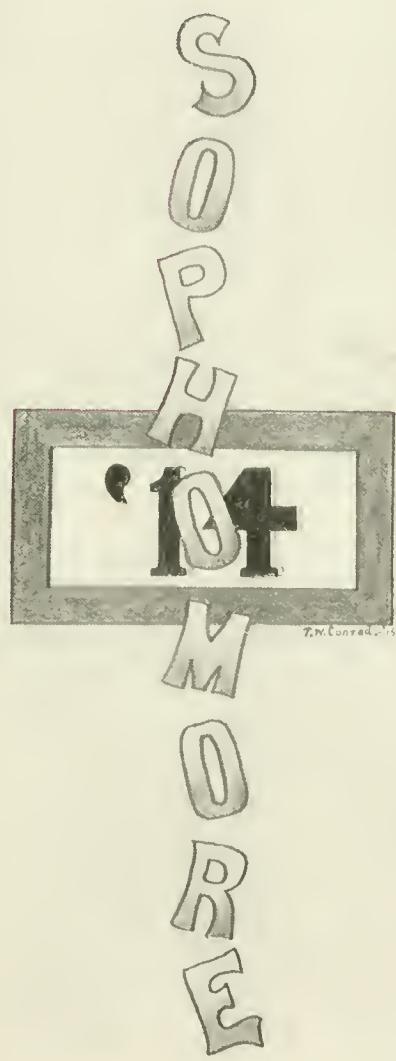
Mr. H. R. Thrower has been a member of our class only for a short time. But judging from his record of the past, I hesitate not one moment to say that in the near future his renown shall be known to the world.

As Juniors we have met with many new difficulties, but having obtained so much knowledge in our former years, we are able to meet them face to face and conquer them.

The Junior reception is always an epoch in the history of the Junior Class, for it is upon this occasion that the Juniors extend their hospitality to the Seniors. It is indeed a great class, and I doubt not that in due process of time, it shall gain in lustre, until its members shall become the highest luminaries in all the spheres of life's activities.

With this fragment of history, I shall leave it to the historian of the future, never doubting, but that the class shall leave its impress upon the admiring world.

HISTORIAN.



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## Sophomore Class

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MOTTO: Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

FLOWER: Marchal Neil Rose.

COLORS: Garnet and Gold.

### OFFICERS.

HENRY FUNK	- - - - -	President
JUANITA PIPKIN	- - - - -	Secretary
ARCHIE MOUNTAIN	- - - - -	Treasurer, Poet
ELIZABETH BOOTH	- - - - -	Historian

### MEMBERS.

JUANITA PIPKIN	WILLIAM KNIGHT
ELIZABETH BOOTH	RALPH SELLERS
W. A. FISCHER	SAMUEL HARRIS
ARCHIE MOUNTAIN	OTTO HAYES
RUTH BAUGH	WINSTON LAWLER
FRANCES WAGNER	W. C. FOUNTAIN

HENRY FUNK

SOPHOMORE CLASS.



## Sophomore Poem

For old Southern let us raise our chorus  
While her pennant still floats o'er us,

For to her it is we're due to bow,  
So we sophis—all famed in glory  
And entwined in wreaths of glory  
May stop before we reach the fatal brow.

We have caught the spirit of the brave young band  
That oft to the tune of Southerland

Marched to success with heads erect.  
We are studying on with our banners waving,  
Every problem we are braving,  
Until our Seniors say, "There, you are correct."

We have the numbers and we've got the money,  
We have the wise man, the fool and the funny,

Can any one doubt but we are going to win?  
While our motto e'er the pride of ages,  
Spoken by sovereigns, saints and sages,  
Still appeals to the highest class of men.

We, our drums of wisdom and of wit e'er drumming,  
Swept Cicero from the field a-humming,

And left our path so clear and good.  
Then clear the way, Junior, for the Sophomore,  
We've no time to fool or wait so;

If we march to the old drum's jingling thud.

In a halo beaming and a gleam of glory  
Some day we'll tell the gay old story

How we did win the victory.  
Then we'll relate to Ma so old  
How we fought for the garnet and gold,  
From Fresh clear through to liberty.

A. E. M.



## Sophomore History



One day, several months ago, Old Father Time was sitting on his majestic throne, watching the sun as it pursued its endless course through the heavens. He called one of his pages to him and said "Page, I am weary with my long vigil over the numberless systems of the universe; I would change from contemplating planets and worlds to something of a lighter vein. Go, with thy greatest speed; assume the form of man; live among them and learn of their daily life; then bring to me a true account of conditions in that distant world. Perchance the recital may while away some of my otherwise tedious hours." The page obeyed. He mounted the chariot of the heavens and with a velocity swifter far than that of light was borne to his destination. During his stay on earth he spent some time in Sutherland. He took the part of a school boy in the Sophomore Class and thus learned all the mysterious hidden lore of its members. At last he returned to Father Time's realm and gave such a pleasing account of his journey that Father Time sent him back to earth to learn still more of its inhabitants. It was during this second visit that I made his acquaintance. I was sitting all alone one warm afternoon with paper and pencil in hand trying to decide how to write the history of our illustrious class. It seemed that not a single thought would come to me. I began to feel sleepy and drifted slowly into the unknown land of dreams. All at once someone seemed to stand at my side. He said, "Do not worry so about the history. Kind Father Time has seen your distress and sent me to aid you. I am his servant and not long ago, at his command, I spent some time on earth. I was a member of your class and through a supernatural genius with which I was endowed, learned all about that noted body of young people." He then proceeded to give me a very minute account of his impressions concerning the Sophomores. He first brought to my mind the time of our entering the college, one year ago as "Freshies". I'm afraid that according to his story we were a green lot at that time. The Academy had been easy sailing but somehow everything in the College seemed so strange. We couldn't get used to having a dignified Senior walk up to us and say, "Oh, you're a Freshie, stand aside and let me pass." But gradually we became initiated into college life, learned its hooks and crooks, and were adepts in everything that we were supposed to let alone, such as mid-night feasts and moonlight raids on orange groves. Our books—well, they didn't bother us and we didn't bother them until time for exams and then we would cram, cram, cram. At the opening of school this year Mr. Ralph Sellers was elected president of the class. He made a good presiding officer until Latin, Greek and Math became so pressing that he was fain to fly from troublesome things. Since that Mr. Henry Funk has very acceptably filled the position. Miss Baugh is the class scientist. Bugs and flowers are her especial delight. Wint is interested in English. He can't understand why Dr.

Russell doesn't know that he is merely trying to show his originality when he puts on exam papers that "Paradise Lost", written by Shakspeare is the most noted comedy in the English language. Juanita is our musician. With her beautiful strains she charms away all recollections of dull studies and transports us through her magic tones into the realm where all is beautiful and melodious. We are well supplied with natural scenery, having both a Fountain and a Mountain, though sometimes the view is obscured by the darkness of Knight. Mr. Wagner needs no other recommendation than his phenomenal height. By this time I began to waken out of my vision. In vain I questioned my strange visitor as to his name. That he would not disclose. But as Mr. Hays and Mr. Fischer have disappeared from our ranks perhaps one of them was the visitor from Father Time's realm. However, this is only conjecture. Don't suppose we will ever certainly determine his identity. But now I was thoroughly awake and found it had all been a dream. It was not a useless dream as it had given me some ideas about how to write our class history. To me had been granted the privilege so wished for by Burns in his lines:

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,  
To see ourselves as ithers see us."



F R E E  
M A N

TWC-11

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## Freshman Class

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MOTTO: Saepientia et Virtute.

COLORS: Purple and Gold.

FLOWER: Violet.

### YELL.

Who are It?  
We are It!  
Ghee, who, zah!  
Freshman, Freshman,  
Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

### OFFICERS.

President - - - - - HUGH WICKER

Vice President and Poet - - - - - PAUL FLETCHER

Secretary - - - - - THOMAS CONRAD

Treasurer and Historian - - - - - MILTON SMITH

### ROLL OF MEMBERS.

DOROTHY BATES CLYDE PENNINGTON

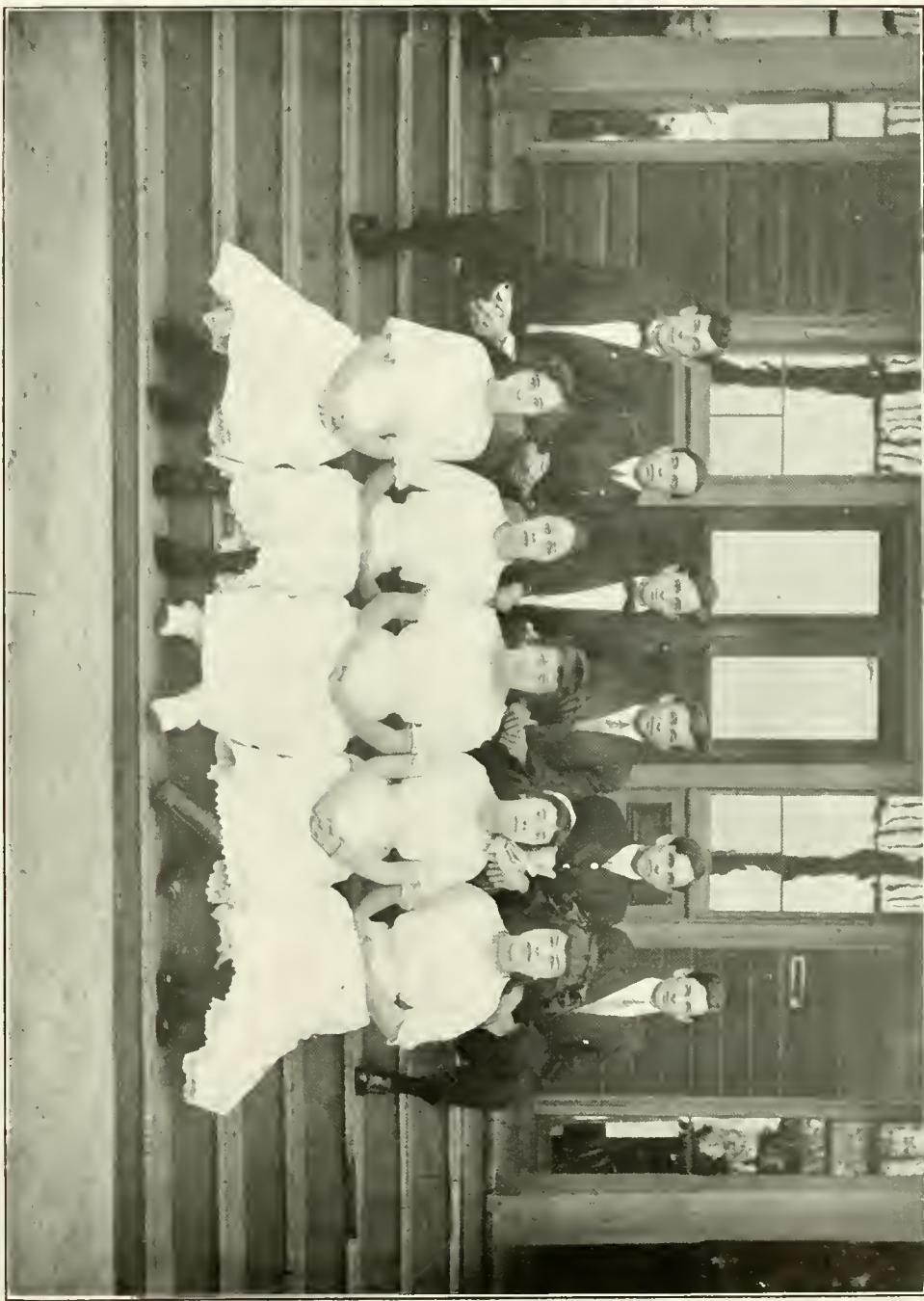
ROBERTA CASON MILTON SMITH

BENA COLLINS HUGH WICKER

LILLIE BROCK THOMAS CONRAD

ALMA CECIL PAUL FLETCHER

MARY CONRAD RUSSELL MICKLER



FRESHMAN CLASS.

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## Freshman Class Poem

"US."

Somewhere in the past they took of the dust,  
And stopping, no doubt, to consider the task,  
Were convinced by the imagined picture of US  
That in spite of our Fresh we'd be important at last.

That our Maker was wise you may ask Dr. Russ,  
For he seldom goes to office on account of US,  
And to cut our grades he never finds time,  
Guessing always they are not ninety-nine.

If you doubt our ability in computing Trig,  
Ask Fessor Mc, if our mouth ain't big.  
We are always happy when in his room,  
Cause Fessor says he is with a bunch of lunes.

That we are stuck on Latin you can ask Sister Griff,  
For ever and anon she has to give us a lif';  
When the report cards seem as if they're insane  
It's a mighty sure sign she's been liftin' again.

Of one little haven we seldom brag,  
'Cause the teacher in there is a peculiar Wag.  
He's as jolly and happy as any old Guy,  
But always hinting, deportment get ready to die.

We visit the dining room and says Wick, "I'm fit to bust",  
Then a sly wink and Smith retorts, "All because you b'long to US,"  
A-comin' and a-goin' we believe in the dust  
Our Master chose when he created "US".

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## S      S      Freshman History      S      S

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We hail from as many different sources as there are numbers of our Matchless Class. One reason for this is because no two of us call the same woman mother, though several in the class are working with that as their chief aim. The way Mickler courts "Grandmother" bears out this statement by all doubt. The manner in which our Pen—blushes when he scares a Dot, also adds emphasis to foregoing statement.

Of course we would not give the impression that we are at all conceited; but facts are facts, and as a responsible historian it becomes our duty to see that you the foregoing statement.

In our aforesaid Matchless Class line, none have their being, and some of them, their better being; four of Southern's stars, on the Athletic field. Our President, Secretary and Historian lead in the base ball (here) and occupy similar positions on the basket ball team; also a champion debater against Stetson University can be found marching under our royal colors. And we would not forget that ours is the honor to have as a representative the largest singer in school.

We are called "Fresh", and had much rather be such than trouble peoples' smelling apparatus by not being so. Ours is the only class here that comes under this rule.

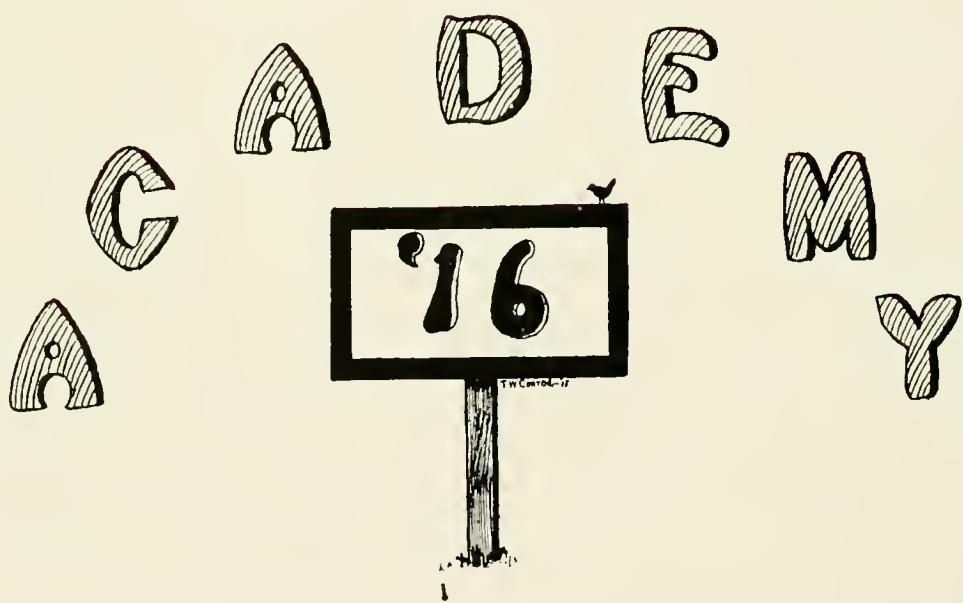
That we are going to be proud of our class some day, no doubt you have already gathered from the preceding argument. In fact we have a reputation sufficient to cause any class to experience a sense of anticipation of victory not far ahead of us.

Even Prof. Wagner is contemplating the admissability of surrendering our History Class. Not because he doesn't know how to teach history; the problem is to teach "US".

However in the coming decade, when legislative halls, senate chambers, and chapels ring with our eloquent voices, it will take a Philadelphia lawyer to explain what we have said; and a Daniel Webster, to appreciate all we leave unsaid.

Now, dear reader, no doubt you will be troubled with indigestion by the time you have devoured these monstrous facts, but as before we informed you they are facts; and all weak minds are more or less dyspeptic when confronted by a superior.

Gladly, we bid you a happy farewell  
For as usual, disturbed by the clanging bell.



## **Fourth Year Poem**

O Southern! Athens of a fairer shore  
Than e'er was trod by Greek of yore,  
Where Florida's charms all grace the Mexic strand,  
May'st thou forever honored stand!

May we who from thy Academic halls,  
Where need of mart or state loud calls  
Fare forth to larger service, nobler aim,  
Be each an honor to thy name.

Though not by Mathematics canst thou teach  
The path to use our souls would reach,  
Nor yet in Science, Greek or Latin help us find  
The aspirations of the mind;

Yet these are steps by which we climb to life,  
Each helps to win the coming strife;  
And all the hours to studious toil we've given  
Prepare for life on earth or Heaven.

Nor these are all the lessons thou hast taught;  
But from the source of truth hast brought  
The sacred fire of love, to warm and shine  
'Til life shall glow with light divine.

Poet.

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## Fourth Year Class

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MOTTO: Take no backward steps.

COLORS: Purple and Gold.

FLOWER: Pansy.

Rah, Rah, Rah,  
Rah, Rah, Rah,  
Fourth Year Academy  
On the top.

### OFFICERS.

DAY EDGE	- - - - -	President
OSCAR RICE	- - - - -	Vice President
LILLIAN SHIPP	- - - - -	Secretary
LEROY McKEOWN	- - - - -	Treasurer
EDITH FUSSELL	- - - - -	Historian
ALVIN MILLS	- - - - -	Poet

### MEMBERS.

FRANK BARTLETT	LEOLA BOYETT
LILLIAN SHIPP	WINIFRED WYLIE
GERTRUDE MITCHELL	PAULINE PARKER
MILLER STANTON	GEORGE SUMMERS
J. Q. HOWELL	OSCAR RICE
W. T. HOWELL	R. F. HOWELL
ALVIN MILLS	L. W. HIGGS
PAUL NORTHROP	HESTER MANN
LEROY McKEOWN	CORINNA LOWE
WALTER HICKS	BESSIE GOODWIN
EDITH FUSSELL	KATIE EDGE
DAY EDGE	LUCY DUTILL
FRED BYRD	MARIE DANIEL
BRYAN CARPENTER	CLARENCE CARLTON
JOHN COWSERT	EUGENE BURD

FLOSSIE PIPKIN

FOURTH YEAR CLASS.



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## History of the Fourth Year Class

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The History of the Fourth Year Class of 1912 needs the pen of Gibbons to relate the happenings of its progress from the time the Academy was organized by our beloved teacher, Professor Kensinger until now.

Only two of our members were here at the organization of the Academy and we are proud of them. We can boast of being the first class to graduate with a member who had been with the class the four years.

October the 11th, 1911, we met in Professor Kensinger's class room and organized the class of which we are all proud.

We were remembering the words of Christ, "Let your light so shine", when we elected Day for President in whom we have utmost confidence.

This is his third year and he has made our pathway much brighter. He is a great athlete and we never fear of losing, for he knows how to Edge near the basket.

With all of our knowledge we need much nourishment for the growth of our class and are duly proud of Rice for our Vice President.

Realizing our perplexities and rough climbing and the many trying hours of Greek, Latin and Math, we chose our Shipp for Secretary who can sail through calmly, so with our automobiles we are having a very pleasant journey with Aeneas.

We never have one thought of fear for our Treasurer, Leroy McKeown, is a member of the Ministerial Class.

The town of Sutherland can boast of having one of the most flourishing Mills in the world. We do not boast of its size, but the quality of work which it turns out. You will admit that very few Mills are human and we are proud to be classed with this one and we have made full arrangements with the manager Alvin for the manufacturing of our class poem, we are sure that it will be fine, for they have an excellent Miller.

We can not boast of twelve apostles but we can of two, the beloved one, John, and Paul, whose intellectual ability is known throughout the school.

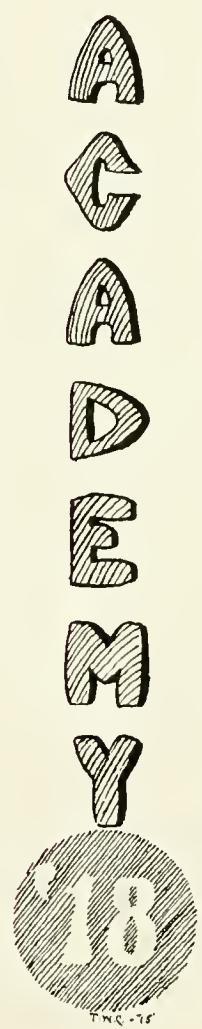
Many of the members of our class are religious. We also have some who will cheer many faint hearts with their words of encouragement.

We have several Howells in our class who make a big noise for us but the chirpings of our Burd and Byrd overcome them.

Besides these we have many other members but they are too numerous to mention and the least we can say is that it is the finest class in all lines; Religion, Athletics, Society and Literary, to have finished from Southern College Academy.

And last but not least we could not forget our beloved Professor Kensinger; whatever we may be and what success we may attain we owe to him who has been our help and inspiration.

HISTORIAN.



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## Second Year—Academy

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MOTTO: Constantly striving to make our best better.

FLOWER: Morning Glory.

COLORS: Purple and White.

### OFFICERS.

FRANK OBERHOLTZER	- - - - -	President
G. W. WHITTY	- - - - -	Vice President
EVELYN CRUM	- - - - -	Secretary
MAUDE RIVIERE	- - - - -	Treasurer
GLADYS RUSS	- - - - -	Historian
MIZELLE PLATT	- - - - -	Sergeant-at-Arms
H. B. CARR	- - - - -	Critic

### MEMBERS.

THELMA CRUM	ALICIA HALL
BERTHA COLLIER	EDNA COLLIER
ESTHER COLEMAN	RUBY JACKSON
HELEN WOOTEN	LENA WHITEHEAD
BLANCHE WHITEHURST	SUMNER HALL
ROBERT STANFORD	ALBERT McLERAN
	FRANK HODNETT



SECOND YEAR CLASS.



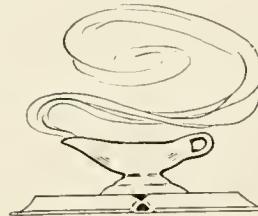
## Second Year Academy History



Only a few short years ago we were scattered over all the many states of our grand old Union. Some roamed on the western prairies, some watched the Mississippi in its onward course, others were in the cities of New England and many gathered tropical flowers and fruits in our own sunny Southland, never a thought of Southern Academy and Prof. Guy toward whom our several destinies were silently but surely bearing us.

In September, 1910, our various paths converged and we began a new existence. How different the dignified academy life from the freedom of the hills and plains we had formerly known. But the wise speedily adapt themselves to circumstances, and as we were very desirous of claiming that distinction we made the best of our condition and went to work in earnest. As a result of honest efforts we had a very successful Freshman year. At last the final exams were finished, and oh, joyful news, we realized that we had actually passed. We spent a happy vacation but when the college bell rang out its summons on Sept. 19, 1911, we were here ready to take our advanced station as Sophomores. A few had gone from us, while others had decided to join our number, and so we made up the rank and file of our illustrious class. We organized and went to work. You know what we have done in the past, judge the future by the past, watch the Academy Sophomores of 1911. You'll hear from us in the years that lie before.

GLADYS RUSS.





S

°12



JUANITA PIPKIN.

Juanita, our only real pianist, has succeeded in bluffing our music master for four long years and now she expects to take her sheep-skin in the "Merry Month of May". During the summer she will perform daily at the "Nickleodian" to obtain means for the perusal of her art in the Royal Conservatory.

After she has won highest fame at the last named place, we shall expect to hear her praises sung throughout the jungles of all Africa and Australia—"Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast."

Beside her musical talent her brilliancy in Astronomy is really astounding. At any time and place she can readily locate "Orion".

Juanita has very strong likes and dislikes, for instance, she likes to torture her friends, running them distracted by practicing six hours daily, and she dislikes doctors (to be) (?). She is a great feaster (with capital F). Her favorite saying is O. O.

Juanita is a general favorite in S. C. and in her face we read

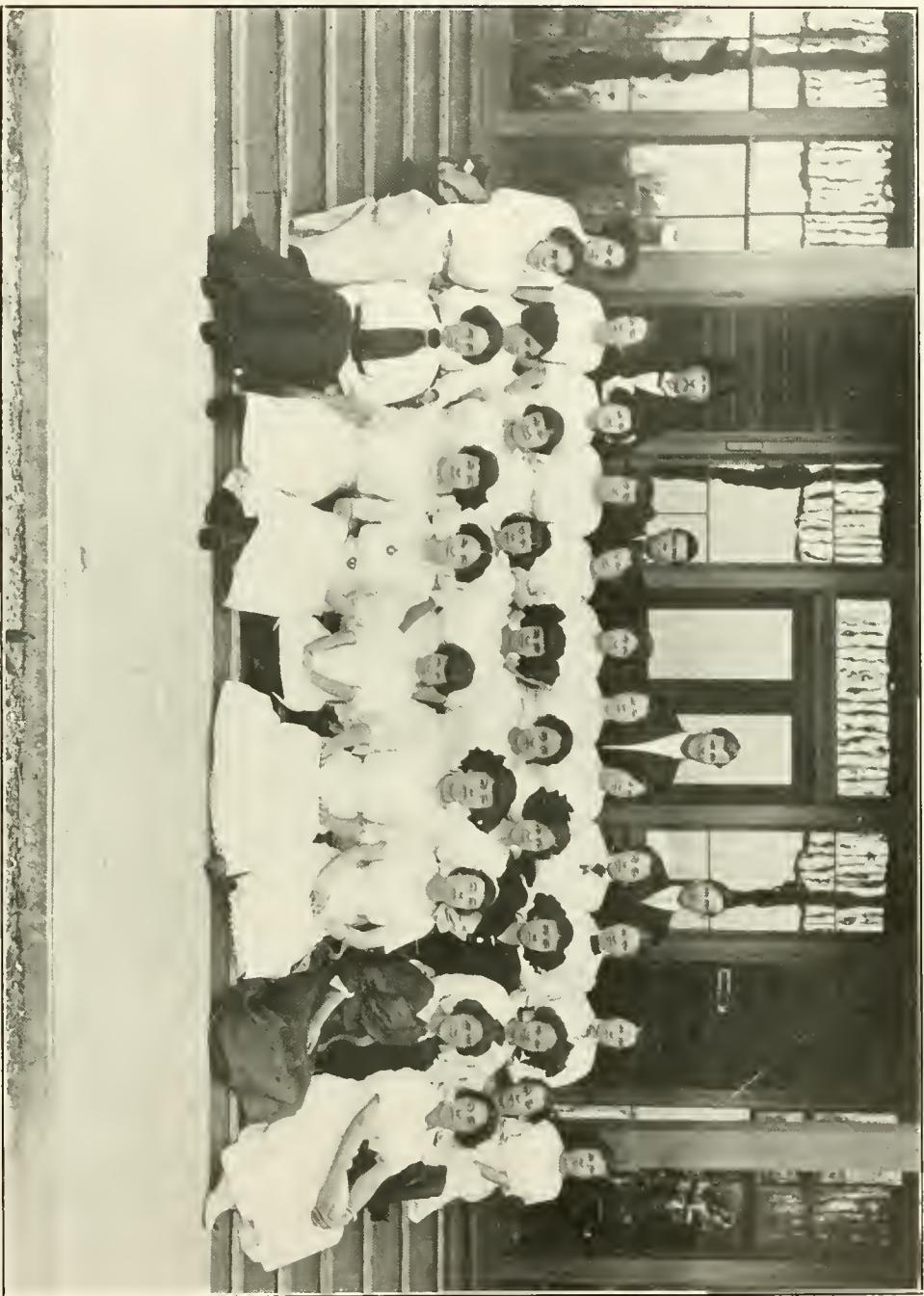
A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, sweet promises,  
Shall we compare her to a summer's day?  
She is more lovely and more temperate.

## Music Class

SIGNOR CARLO MORA, DIRECTOR.

### ROLL.

Dorothy Bates  
Bena Collins  
Gwendolyn Canter  
Juanita Pipkin  
Lulu R. Greer  
Frances Young  
Roberta Cason  
Lelia Duke  
Lunda Smith  
Ethel Reece  
Lucy Dutill  
Pauline Parker  
  
Mary Louise Sauls  
Anna Dickinson  
Bessie Henry  
Winifred Newman  
Lavinia Canter  
Elizabeth Booth  
Marie Daniel  
Dorothy David  
Bertha Collier  
Katharine Booth  
Gertrude Mitchell  
Bertha Edge  
Katie Edge  
Alicia Hall  
  
Erma Wylie  
Thelma Crum  
Cora McKeown  
Alma Cecil  
Clarence Mountain  
S. A. Wilson  
L. W. Higgs



MUSIC CLASS.



DR. J. B. CURRY  
Founder of the Curry System of Expression,  
Boston, Mass.



202

°12



LULU RACHAEL GREER.

"The young men nowadays—th're poor squashy things. The' look weel enoof, but the' woont wear, the' woont wear!"

## **“Curry Club”**

MOTTO: The man is only half himself, the other half is expression.

### OFFICERS.

HALCIA EULALIA BOWER	- - - - -	President
PAUL FLETCHER	- - - - -	Secretary
ALVIN MILLS	- - - - -	Treasurer

### MEMBERS.

Bertha Edge	Elizabeth Booth
Joyce Mann	Edith Fussell
Lillian Shipp	Bertha Collier
Linda Smith	Alvin Mills
Pauline Parker	W. C. Fountain
Anna Dickinson	Ray Howland
Dorothy Bates	Herbert Fussell
Juanita Pipkin	Orion Feaster
Lulu R. Greer	Paul Fletcher
Bessie Henry	George Summers
Thelma Crum	William Knight
Evelyn Crum	L. W. Higgs
Ethel Gage	S. A. Wilson
Archie Mountain	William Walton
Herman Daniel	Bryan Carpenter
John Bracco	Edna Fussell
Bryan Girardeau	Winifred Newman
	Flossie Pipkin



EXPRESSION CLASS.

## School of Commerce

MOTTO: A Lazy man is no worse than a Dead man—but he takes up more room.

### MEMBERS.

WALTER H. AVERITT

BETH A. BLODGETT

W. STATEN BROWN

GWENDOLYN CANTER

OLA BELLE CARN

THOMAS CORBETT

EUNICE COX

MARVIN C. DUPONT

W. H. GRAHAM

MANUEL JAMESON

W. M. JOHNSON

OUIDA MALLOY

BEN. W. MORTON

JAI'ME NOGUERA

WILL N. WALTON

CLARENCE A. WHORTON

M. WINNIFRED WYLIE

CLYDE D. PRINE

TROY B. RHEA

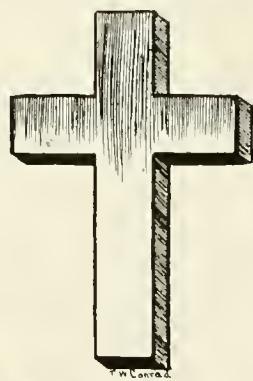
LEWIS SANDERS

MERRICK N. WAGNER



COMMERCIAL CLASS.

**RELIGIOUS**



**ORGANIZATIONS**



REV. R. F. HODNETT, PASTOR M. E. CHURCH,  
SOUTH, SUTHERLAND.



MR. E. W. McMULLEN,  
SUPT. SUNDAY SCHOOL.

# YUCA

I am come that they might  
have life, and that they might have  
it more abundantly.

John 10 - 10

## Y.W.C.A. OFFICERS

EDNA FUSSELL

RUTH SINGLETARY

FLOSSIE PIPKIN

ELIZABETH BOOTH

LULU GREER

MARY GRIFFITH

JUANITA PIPKIN

# Y. W. C. A.

## OFFICERS.

RUTH BAUGH	- - - - -	President
NORA MORGAN	- - - - -	Vice President
JUANITA PIPKIN	- - - - -	Secretary
FLOSSIE PIPKIN	- - - - -	Treasurer

## CABINET.

EDNA FUSSELL	MARY GRIFFITH
LULU GREER	ELIZABETH BOOTH
NORA MORGAN	RUTH BAUGH

## ROLL.

Cornelia Brittle	Bessie Henry
Elizabeth Booth	Edith Fussell
Katharine Booth	Bertha Edge
Lavinia Canter	Edna Collier
Dorothy Bates	Marie Daniel
Roberta Cason	Lucy Dutill
Mary Conrad	Cora McKeown
Nellie Logan	Juanita Pipkin
Evelyn Crum	Flossie Pipkin
Bena Collins	Winifred Newman
Thelma Crum	Beth Blodgett
Nora Morgan	Katie Edge
Lunda Smith	Lelia Duke
Alma Cecil	Lulu Greer
Ruth Baugh	Edna Fussell
Bertha Collier	Joyce Mann
Maude Davis	Gertrude Mitchell
Dorothy David	Winnie Hartman
Ethel Gage	Lillie Brock
Winifred Wylie	Alice Petzold
Mildred Sanford	Corinna Lowe
Erma Wylie	Frances Clark
	Pearl Russ

## **History of the Y. W. C. A.**

The Y. W. C. A. was organized during the spring term of 1910-11, under the direction of Miss Wales. Previous to the forming of the Association, Friday evening prayer meetings had been held regularly, but realizing that more could be accomplished by united effort and that the inspiration due to affiliation with other colleges would be of untold value in our own Christian work, we, therefore, organized with the purpose of promoting Christian growth among the students. Under the skillful leadership of our first president, Miss Fussell, the society was soon in such excellent working order that before the close of the spring term we were able to send two delegates, Misses Bena Collins and Sula Gattis, to the Intercollegiate Convention of the Florida Y. W. C. A. at Stetson University, Deland, Fla.

Upon the election of new officers in the fall of 1911-12 Miss Ruth Baugh was made our second president. She has been earnest and energetic in her efforts to promote the spiritual and material welfare of the society, and has been nobly assisted by the able members of her Cabinet and Advisory Board. During the revivals held in the fall under the leadership of Rev. Mr. Myers, prayer meetings were held each evening by the girls, when many were led into a deeper spiritual knowledge of Christ, and much latent talent for Christian work was developed.

While the members are making marked progress in Christian growth, which is having its reflex influence upon the student body, yet, feeling that 'tis true that "soul to soul can never teach, what unto itself was taught"; we have faith to believe that the many silent but potent forces for spiritual uplift, now being set in motion will continue to widen and grow until time merges into eternity, and the redeemed unite in giving all glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, "that we might have life and have it more abundantly."





## **Ministerial Club**

### ACTIVE MEMBERS.

E. W. McMULLEN, Governor

J. J. BRACCO, Vice President

D. H. DANIEL

W. A. FISCHER, Past Member

P. A. FLETCHER

W. A. FOUNTAIN

O. M. HAYES, Past Member

F. B. LANGFORD, Past Member

S. F. STEPHENS, Past Member

G. E. SUMMERS

O. E. RICE, Treasurer

LEORY McKEOWN, Secretary

BEN RUSSELL

S. A. WILSON, President

L. W. HIGGS

### HONORARY MEMBERS.

W. A. SANFORD

J. H. CANNON

O. D. WAGNER

RAY HOWLAND

DR. RUSSELL

R. F. HODNETT



MINISTERIAL CLUB.

## **Ministerial Club History**

What John Wesley was to the Methodist Church, Prof. McMullen has been to the Ministerial Club. Because, although he has never forced a forward step in its development, yet he has watched with tender solicitude for the time when it had gained sufficient strength to justify him in providing for its advancement. The Club has not come into existence so much because we desired it and labored to that end but because we needed it. The Club does not need us so much as we need it. For this very simple reason "The Ministerial Club" is among the first organizations of its kind in Southern College.

We find a meeting place in the beautiful home of its Governor. There every Friday evening at seven o'clock we convene. Business is first in the order of proceeding and we discuss those problems confronting us in our daily life; the best manner in which to deal with present conditions of men and things about us. The associations in these meetings are such as are peculiar only to a body of Methodist ministerial students striving toward "the mark of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

After the business is transacted the meeting is turned over to the Governor for devotional service. A chapter of the Bible, designated at the previous meeting for study, is read and discussed by each member of the Club. The doctrines and teachings of our church are subjects not infrequently handled.

Spending more than an hour in prayer and study we adjourn feeling that no period of such length has been more profitably employed during the week. It refreshes our spirits and lifts our aspirations for days and problems ahead.

In coming years when we are confronted with principles peculiar to our calling we shall then look back with grateful hearts to lessons learned in the "dear old Club."



EPWORTH LEAGUE OFFICERS.

## Epworth League

P. A. FLETCHER	- - - - -	President
R. A. HOWLAND	- - - - -	1st Vice President
MISS ANNA DICKINSON	- - - - -	2nd Vice President
MISS SARAH C. REID	- - - - -	3rd Vice President
PROF. E. W. McMULLEN	- - - - -	4th Vice President
MISS RUTH BAUGH	- - - - -	Secretary
O. O. FEASTER	- - - - -	Treasurer
MISS BENA COLLINS	- - - - -	Asst. Treasurer
MISS NORA MORGAN	- - - - -	Pianist
MISS ALMA CECIL	- - - - -	Epworth Era Agent
J. H. DANIEL	- - - - -	Reporter

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## Nightmare of the Editor-in-Chief

(A True Story.)

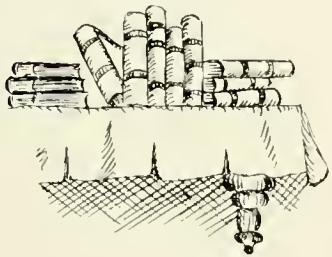
They came, and they stood, and they gazed at me,  
    Around my restless bed,  
They gathered their pens to prod me deep,  
    "Who are you?" I wildly said.

"O, we are the Annual's readers,"  
    Their tone was vengeful and slow,  
"We come to punish you for that book,  
    For which we paid our dough."

They made me count ten billion words,  
    And copy quadrillions of pages,  
They poked and pricked me with their pens,  
    They did, in furious rages,

They prodded me deep with their iron pens,  
    Till my body was all in a kink,  
Instead of blood ink freely flowed,  
    I was naught but a bottle of ink!

# Literary Societies



1796  
T. C. & J. G.

# Erolethean

(Founded 1902.)

MOTTO: Truth conquers all things.

COLORS: Light Blue and Gold.

FLOWER: Marechal Niel Rose.

## OFFICERS.

### FALL TERM.

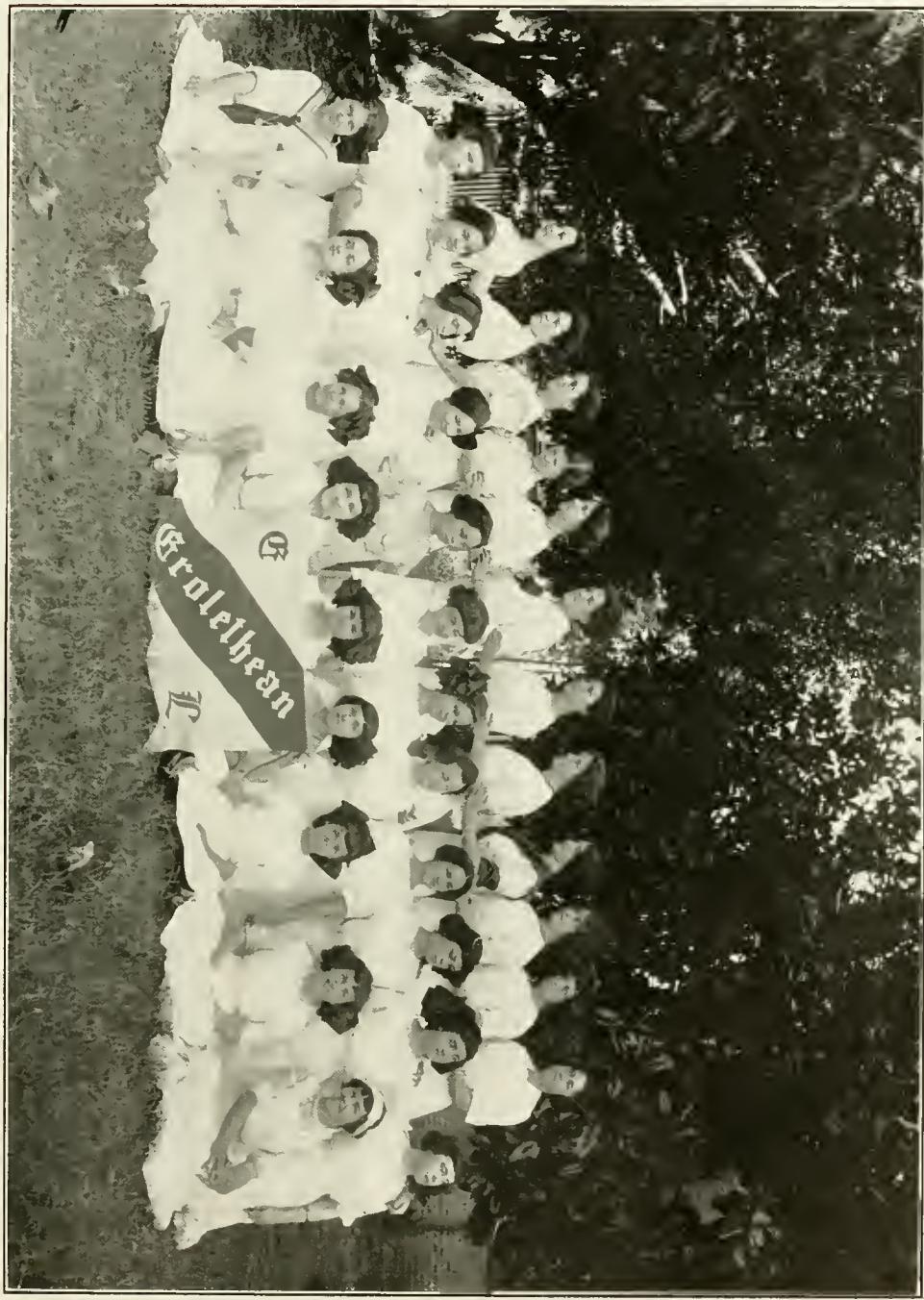
EDNA FUSSELL	- - - - -	President
NORA MORGAN	- - - - -	Vice President
JOYCE MANN	- - - - -	Secretary
ELIZABETH BOOTH	- - - - -	Treasurer
ALMA CECIL	- - - - -	Chaplain
BENA COLLINS	- - - - -	Critic
DOROTHY BATES	- - - - -	Librarian
MARY CONRAD	- - - - -	Sergeant at Arms

### SPRING TERM.

LULU GREER	- - - - -	President
EDNA FUSSELL	- - - - -	Vice President
Gwendolyn Canter	- - - - -	Secretary
ALMA CECIL	- - - - -	Treasurer
NORA MORGAN	- - - - -	Chaplain
WINIFRED HARTMAN	- - - - -	Critic
LELIA DUKE	- - - - -	Librarian
MARY CONRAD	- - - - -	Sergeant at Arms

## MEMBERS.

Gwendolyn Canter		Joyce Mann
Cornelia Brittle		Gertrude Mitchell
Elizabeth Booth		Mary Will Black
Katharine Booth		Lillian Shipp
Lavinia Canter		Frances Clark
Dorothy Bates		Pearl Heisler
Roberta Cason		Frances Young
Mary Conrad		Justine Newsome
Nellie Logan		Winifred Hartman
Evelyn Crum		Ouida Knight
Bena Collins		Lillian Brock
Thelma Crum		Corinna Lowe
Bessie Henry		Nora Morgan
Edith Fussell		Ouida Malloy
Myrtle Bobbitt		Eunice Cox
Bertha Edge		Maude Sever
Edna Fussell		Linda Smith
Lulu R. Greer		Ida Booth
Katie Edge		Alma Cecil
Lelia Duke		Mary Emma Baggett



EROLIETHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

## Erolethean Literary Society

"Lovers of Truth." That is our name. It has been said "there is nothing in a name", but would home, mother, heaven sound as dear to us if called by any other name? Could a boy honored by having the same name as George Washington be anything less than a hero? Would not a Napoleon Bonaparte dream dreams and see visions of a powerful empire though he might never come to its realization? Could a Martin Luther fail to do his duty and stand for the right as he saw it? It is true that we are influenced by our names and any honest soul will endeavor not only to reach the standard of those who have gone before him, but if possible to lift the standard a little higher; to make at least one upward step on the ladder of advancement.

The Erolethean Literary Society fills a large place in our college life, as is evinced by the fact that her roll includes the names of two thirds of Southern's young ladies.

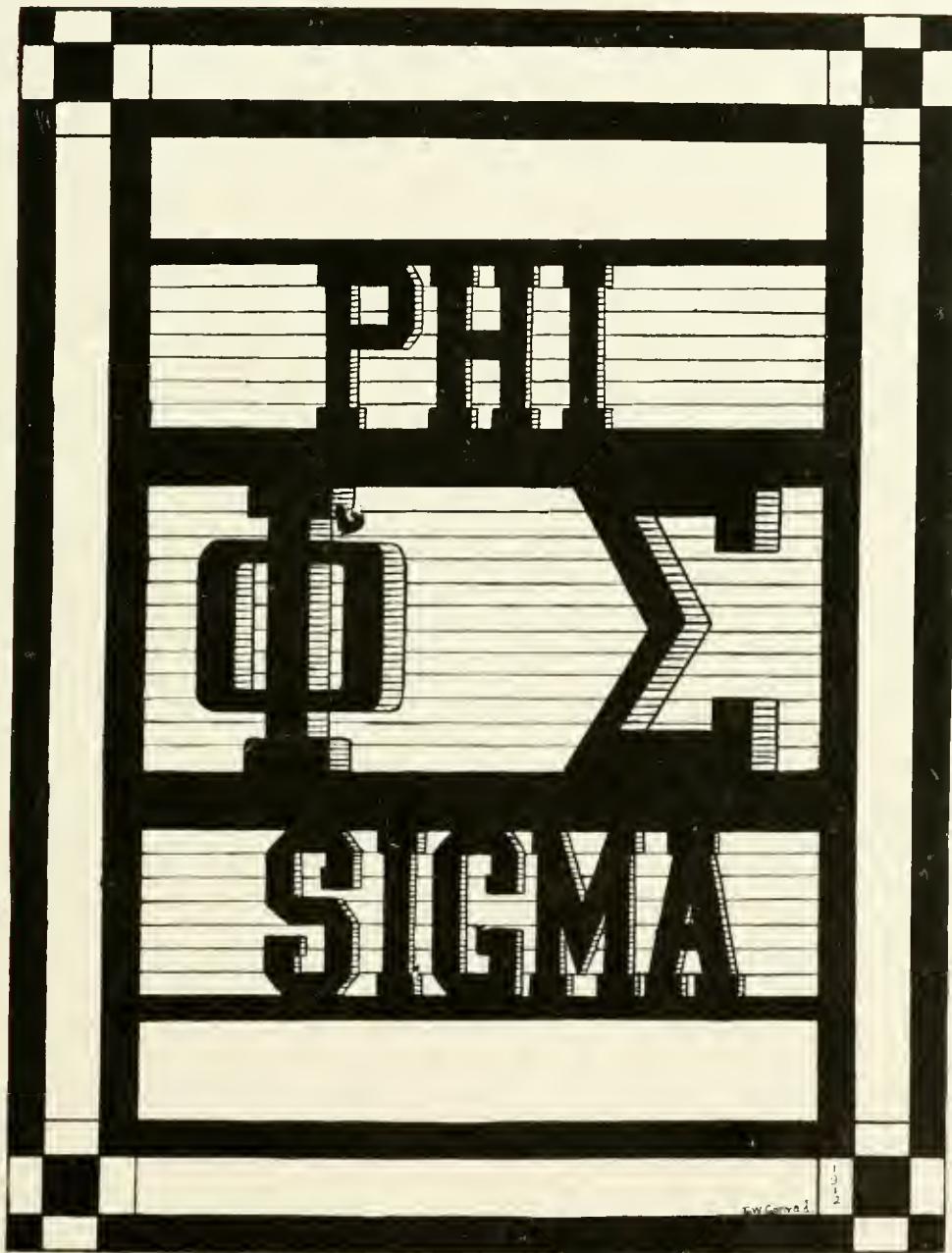
The Erolethean Literary Society has her hall located on the first floor, front, of the girls' dormitory. To this attractive retreat the members of the society flock every Monday evening, and soon this chamber resounds with peals of impassioned eloquence. Readings, declamations, original essays, and music are features of the entertainment. The object of our literary society is to teach her members the art of self-expression, and broaden them intellectually. "By their fruits ye shall know them," runs the proverb; and by their fruits we may have full assurance as to the high standard of this organization.

"Truth conquers all things." That is our motto. That is our hope of success. In those magic words we base our efforts and trusting in the worth of the goal in view we strive on nor will we be disappointed.

"Truth crushed to earth, shall rise again,  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
But error wounded writhes in pain  
And dies among her worshippers."

There you have the ideals of the Erolethean, in the name and in the motto, "Lovers of Truth." That shows us how we stand, what we are, and what is expected of us. "Truth conquers all things." Our incentive, our encouragement in the race, our promise of the goal at last.

We, the Eroletheans, were organized October 10, 1902. There have been many changes since then, many have gone out from us to sing praises of dear old Erolethean.



## Phi Sigma Literary Society

COLORS: Pink and Green.

MOTTO: The thoughts of to-day  
Are the dreams of tonight,  
The actions of tomorrow,  
And the character of the future.

### OFFICERS.

#### 1ST QUARTER.

President - - - - -	W. A. FISCHER
Vice President - - - - -	G. E. SUMMERS
Recording Secretary - - - - -	L. D. EDGE
Corresponding Secretary - - - - -	A. L. MILLS
Treasurer - - - - -	F. B. LANGFORD
Librarian - - - - -	T. W. CONRAD
Sergeant - - - - -	G. ROBARTS
Assistant Sergeant - - - - -	J. ROBARTS
Critic - - - - -	R. T. MICKLER
Attorney - - - - -	H. W. WICKER
Chaplain - - - - -	A. E. MOUNTAIN

#### SECOND QUARTER.

President - - - - -	L. D. EDGE
Vice President - - - - -	A. E. MOUNTAIN
Rec. Secretary - - -	T. W. CONRAD
Cor. Secretary - - -	M. W. SMITH
Treasurer - - - -	O. O. FEASTER
Librarian - - - -	T. W. CONRAD
Sergeant - - - -	W. S. BROWN
Asst. Sergeant - - -	C. J. CARLTON
Critic - - - -	W. W. KNIGHT
Attorney - - - -	R. A. HOWLAND
Chaplain - - - -	G. E. SUMMERS

#### THIRD QUARTER.

President - - - - -	R. A. HOWLAND
Vice President - - - -	S. A. WILSON
Rec. Secretary - - -	T. W. CONRAD
Cor. Secretary - - -	W. S. BROWN
Treasurer - - - -	R. SELLARS
Librarian - - - -	H. FUSSELL
Sergeant - - - -	M. W. SMITH
Asst. Sergeant - - -	C. J. CARLTON
Critic - - - -	H. W. WICKER
Attorney - - - -	L. D. EDGE
Chaplain - - - -	L. W. HIGGS

#### FOURTH QUARTER.

President - - - - -	O. O. FEASTER
Vice President - - - - -	G. E. SUMMERS
Recording Secretary - - - - -	R. T. MICKLER
Corresponding Secretary - - - - -	T. CORBETT
Treasurer - - - - -	L. D. EDGE
Librarian - - - - -	H. FUSSELL
Sergeant - - - - -	J. Q. HOWELL
Assistant Sergeant - - - - -	E. BARTLETT
Critic - - - - -	M. W. SMITH
Attorney - - - - -	W. W. KNIGHT
Chaplain - - - - -	S. A. WILSON

## **Phi Sigma Literary Society**

### **ROLL OF MEMBERS.**

BARTLETT, F.  
BATTLE, F.  
BEVILLE, U.  
BURD, E.  
BRICE, V. R.  
BROWN, W. S.  
BRYAN, R. L.  
BYRD, F.  
CARLTON, C. J.  
CASON, V.  
CONRAD, T. W.  
CORBETT, T.  
DOOLITTLE, J.  
DORSEY, E.  
EDGE, L. D.  
FEASTER, O. O.  
FERNANDEZ, F.  
FISCHER, W. A.  
FUSSELL, H.  
GRAHAM, H.  
HARRIS, S. H.  
HIGGS, L. W.  
HOWLAND, R. A.  
HOWELL, T.  
HOWELL, J. Q.  
HOWELL, R. F.  
JUAREZ, E.  
KEITH, H.  
KNIGHT, W. W.  
LANGFORD, F. B.  
MICKLER, R. T.  
MILLS, A. L.  
MOUNTAIN, A. E.  
MOUNTAIN, C. W.  
OBERHOLTZER, F.  
PENNINGTON, C. H.  
PURCELL, H.  
ROBARTS, J.  
SELLARS, R.  
SMITH, M. W.  
SUMMERS, G. E.  
VANLANDINGHAM, R. P.  
VIEILO, J.  
WAGNER, M.  
WICKER, H. W.  
WILLIAMS, M.  
WILSON, S. A.

## **History of the Phi Sigma Literary Society**

On March 2, 1912, the Phi Sigma Literary Society celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of its existence. Since its organization in 1891 when Southern College was known by another name, it has grown and prospered as one of the institutions of the college, and today it stands as an important factor in the college life of the male students of this institution.

Many men who are now prominent in their various vocations, made their first attempt at speaking or debating in this society. Just here we will mention one of our faculty who has the honor of being a charter member, Prof. Jas. N. Platt, holding the chair of Science.

In his very able address at the celebration of the twenty-first anniversary, he so distinctly brought out the fact that the fraternal spirit existing among the members today, would grow in strength as the years passed, and a man would value so highly the benefits derived from his training and his association in the society work at his Alma Mater.

The enrollment up to this date is 47 and the records show that for the past six months, the average attendance at each weekly meeting, excluding visitors, has been 25. Considering the fact that many of the members on the roll left college during the earlier part of the term, and also the fact that many have been absent on account of being players on the various athletic teams, the attendance has been remarkably good; this shows that the boys have a deep interest in the society.

The new society hall located in the gymnasium, was opened a few weeks after the beginning of college in September and it surpassed the expectations of everyone. The walls are beautifully finished in the society colors, pink and green, and the handsome art square covering the whole floor, harmonizes perfectly with the rest of the interior work, and the whole presents a very beautiful appearance.

Every year, good speakers are being developed by the society, and as to the inter-society contest to be held commencement, it is safe to predict victory for the PHI SIGMA LITERARY SOCIETY.

T. W. CONRAD, '15.



THE SIGMA LITERARY SOCIETY.

# Sigma Delta Literary Society

MOTTO: "Esse quam videre."

COLORS: Brown and Gold.

FLOWER: Browneyed daisy.

## OFFICERS.

President - - - - -	ETHEL REECE
Vice President - - - - -	JUANITA PIPKIN
Secretary - - - - -	MILDRED SANFORD
Treasurer - - - - -	FLOSSIE PIPKIN
Chaplain - - - - -	LUCY DUTILL
Critic - - - - -	MAUDE DAVIS
Sergeant-at-Arms - - - - -	EDNA COLLIER

## ROLL OF MEMBERS.

RUTH BAUGH	BETH BLODGETT
EDNA COLLIER	BERTHA COLLIER
MARIE DANIEL	MAUDE DAVIS
MABEL DANIEL	DOROTHY DAVID
LUCY DUTILL	ETHEL GAGE
ALICIA HALL	WINIFRED NEWMAN
CORA McKEOWN	FLOSSIE PIPKIN
JUANITA PIPKIN	ETHEL REECE
PEARL RUSS	MARY RUSS
GLADYS RUSS	MILDRED SANFORD
WINIFRED WYLIE	ERMA WYLIE
BLANCHE WHITEHURST	



SIGMA DELTA LITERARY SOCIETY.

## **History of Sigma Delta Literary Society**

Here we are! Though having come by a very rough, rooty road which was mostly uphill—"summus ici"—our golden daisies gazing full upon you with a twinkle in their merry brown eyes which seems to say "O yes, I told you so."

Our chief aim, as of all literary societies, is to study and learn to appreciate the great and noble characters who have lived in story and in reality. That from these we might select and set up standards by which we would shape our own lives.

The moral and spiritual elements are, indeed, very essential. And that one and greatest piece of literature ever produced can not and must not be overlooked.

The Sigma Delta Society strives to develop the social natures of its members, to create and keep alive a fraternal spirit, and that bond of sympathy which reaches out to help others—an unselfish spirit making us rejoice in the welfare of our fellow-beings.

Old Sigma Delta, may your girls be a credit to you. May each one go out in life to make the pure, noble woman—such that you will be proud to know you dealt with her. May your prosperity become greater and greater in performing your noble work; and may the day not be far hence when you can look back with a smile upon the struggles you have suffered—struggles never to be repeated.

### **WHO'S WHO.**

A queenly air, sedately free,  
She can command and it will be.  
Mildred.

Endowed with gifts as from above,  
Thy sweet strains would enrapture Jove.  
Ethel.

When she's around there's something in air,  
Don't be superstitious about red hair,  
Because it's Edna.

To cheer the sorrowing, shield the weak,  
Is the mission that she seeks.  
Maude.

Glowing countenance, illustrious eyes,  
Reminding you of summer skies.  
Lucy.

Cheering words, kindest deeds  
Ever gathering hopes that flee.  
Blanche.

Her pen she wields with easier grace  
Than did ancient warriors the sword in the race.  
Winifred.

Awfully good-natured, glances sidewise—  
Yes, there's mischief in those blue eyes.  
That's Beth.

She's an excellent schemer, quick witted, too,  
But you can never tell what she's next going to do.  
    You might know Flossie.

She's young as yet, but her sweet voice  
Even now stirs our souls to rejoice.  
    Gladys.

To a full blown rose thou wouldst compare,  
Thy sweetness filling all the air.  
    Erma.

Rollicksome, frolicsome, full of fun,  
Time enough to work when pleasure is done.  
    Mary.

Bright eyes, cheery smile  
With dimples showing all the while.  
    Our Dorothy.

So dainty, and slender, modest and shy  
You would never know she was anywhere nigh.  
    Winifred Wylie.

While others are worrying about their looks  
She thinks only of her books.  
    Ethel Gage.

I know what I want, I'll do as I want to,  
The World wags its own way--don't care where it wags onto.  
    Cora.

With her calm, steady mind success is hers, sure  
And the hearts of many will be gladdened through her.  
    Marie.

Lovely in person, in deed, and in thought,  
But she's not up for sale, and she will not be bought.  
    Ruth.

This Miss studioso (?) could if she would  
But this we'll look over—her intentions are good.  
    Juanita.

Let others think, let others say  
I'll just keep quiet and do my own way.  
    Bertha.

Sweet and cunning a flower is she,  
But someone to her heart has found the key.  
    Alicia.

This charming member has lately arrived  
Yet we know in her we have won a prize  
    Mabel.

Ready to quarrel, won't take a dare,  
But can we say beauty is lacking there?  
    Pearl.

## Philomathean Literary Society

The Fall Term Officers were as follows:

President - - - - -	HANSON THROWER
Vice President - - - - -	H. L. FUNK
Secretary - - - - -	O. M. HAYS
Treasurer - - - - -	O. E. RICE
Critic - - - - -	S. F. STEPHENS
Librarian - - - - -	LEROY McKEOWN
Attorney - - - - -	J. A. TIMBERLAKE
Sergeant-at-arms - - - - -	M. G. PLATT

Executive Committee—HANSON THROWER, H. L. FUNK, W. C. FOUNTAIN.

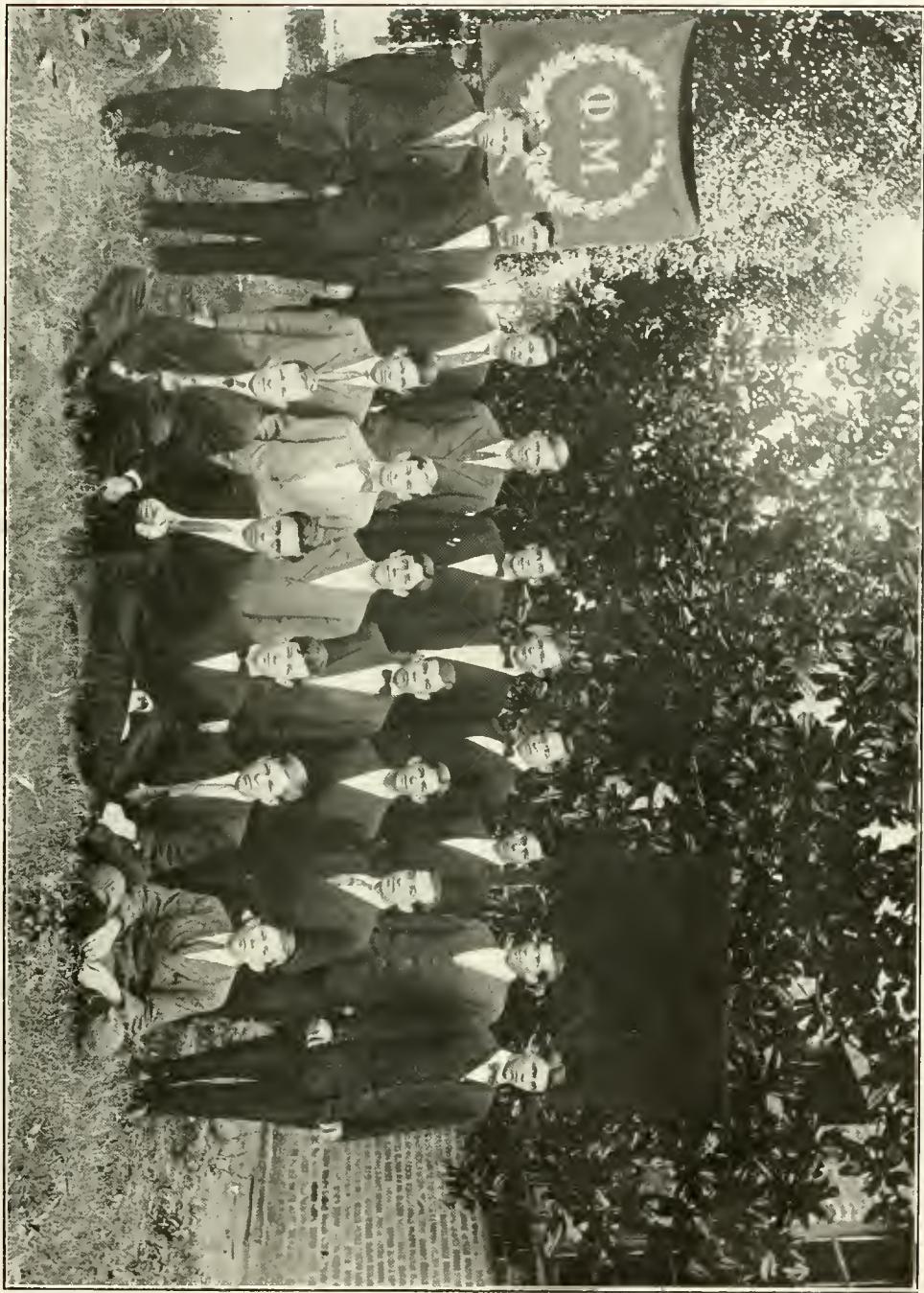
The Spring Term Officers are as follows:

President - - - - -	J. H. DANIEL
Vice President - - - - -	J. A. TIMBERLAKE
Secretary - - - - -	W. N. WALTON
Treasurer - - - - -	W. C. FOUNTAIN
Critic - - - - -	P. A. FLETCHER
Librarian - - - - -	LEROY McKEOWN
Attorney - - - - -	H. L. FUNK
Sergeant-at-arms - - - - -	J. H. CANNON

Executive Committee—J. H. DANIEL, J. A. TIMBERLAKE, C. D. PRINE.

### MEMBERS.

W. C. Fountain	Bryant Carpenter
J. A. Timberlake	E. E. Norwood
J. H. Daniel	Ben. W. Morten
O. E. Rice	Clarence Fletcher
H. L. Funk	Clyde Prine
P. A. Fletcher	Miller Stanton
J. J. Bracco	W. N. Walton
J. H. Dutill	J. H. Cannon
B. F. Russell	W. J. Byrd
M. G. Platt	W. G. Whittley
Leroy McKeown	H. B. Carr
Clarence Wharton	Ralph Bessenger
Hanson Thrower	Walter Averitt
H. R. Morgan	



PHILOMATEAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

## Prophecy for Philomathean Society

ISN'T it wonderful what great changes have been wrought out by the untiring hands of time during the last fifteen years? Well do I remember the year 1912. How the industrious students of old Southern College delved and searched and toiled in getting for the annual the poetries, histories and prophecies of the various departments of College. Some of those prophesies have come to pass, while others have taken the wings of the morning and flown away never to be realized or even thought of. Only as we happen to pick up one of these old annuals and as our eyes scan the pages we let our thoughts go back to the time when these prophecies were written.

Notwithstanding the fact that this is the year 1927, my thoughts are back in the old school days; for only a few days past, I was visiting in one of the great cities of the South and to my utter astonishment, when approaching a brawny old policeman for some information regarding the location of a street number, I recognized him as Fatty Platt, who is now Chief of Police of that city. He pointed out to me the office of "The Funk and Timberlake Law Firm." As I entered the office, who should greet me but old Ben Morten, who looks after the business of this firm in that city. I was immediately escorted to his home and after enjoying a visit with him and his family we went out in the evening to hear a lecture by the most noted orator of the South, J. H. Daniel. He is working in the interest of Nation Wide Prohibition and is taking things by storm. On this night, "He faced his audience with a tranquil mien and a beaming aspect that was never dimmed. He spoke and in the measured cadence of his quiet voice there was intense feeling, but no superficial emotion. It was simple colloquy—a gentleman conversing. The ears and hearts of the people were charmed. How was it done? Ah: how did Mozart do it, how Raphael? The secret of the rose's sweetness, of the bird's ecstasy, of the sunset's glory—that is the secret of genius and of eloquence."

When Mr. Daniel left the platform, we three went to a nearby cafe and enjoyed a dinner together, during which time we talked of Philomatheans who are scattered to the four ends of the earth.

I was told that Fountain is president of the largest female college in the South.

Our Carpenter, instead of building him a mansion, has Baugh-(t) his estate of happiness. He is now quietly and serenely settled upon an orange grove near Seaside. From the shaded porch of his little cottage he can look over the hill, upon which he was accustomed to take his evening walks when at College, and beyond its crest he can see the beautiful Philomathean Hall at old Southern College. It is useless to say that he is happy, for we all know that, to own an orange grove has always been the height of his ambition.

No one knew of the whereabouts of little Johnny J. Bracco but I was assured that he had gone forth weeping bearing precious seeds: doubtless he will come again bringing his sheaves with him.

Morten remarked in his old manner that, Fletcher thought the world had turned upside down and he was standing on its apex, for he had just been assigned to the first church in the city and had arrived the day before with his "Chicken Little."

Then Daniels asked about DuPont. "Why," Morten said, "Did you not know that he got Shipp-(ed) from Southern?"

We then parted with a good old hand-shake characteristic of the Philomatheans and wished that we could meet once more in our hall and see those of whom we had been talking.

On my evangelistic tour of the South, I chanced to meet and hear of a number of the boys. But I will not take any more of your time to tell you where they are and what they are doing, for they are scattered far and near. They are lawyers, doctors, preachers, merchants, authors, and above all they are gentlemen. Wherever you meet one you will have to deal with a man who stands fair and square, ready to give the world a just deal.

OSCAR E. RICE.

### Philomathean Poem

We do not care what the others may say  
For "Philomatheans", lead the way,  
We're fighting onward to the end,  
And toward this goal, our steps shall bend,  
"Excellence" this end shall be.

We have the spirit we ought to have,  
And also men who are quick and brave,  
Who're not afraid to stand and fight,  
And winning us victories gain us might,  
Excellence is e'er our aim.

We have the men both loyal and true,  
We have the men who will dare and do,  
Win the medals, and go on past—  
Conquering the rest, advancing fast.  
"Philomatheans" are we,

'Tis every man for the black and gold,  
There at the front of the fray we'll hold,  
We love old "Philo" more than all,  
We ne'er will watch her colors fall;  
"Philomatheans" are we.

J. A. TIMBERLAKE.

## **History of Philomathean Literary Society**

The Philomathean Literary Society of Southern College was organized in the fall of 1906.

Like every organization she has met opposition. In meeting and overcoming this opposition she has found her true source of strength. We would not boast of having conquered in every battle, but feel proud of the fact that each trumpet call has found all of her members "ready" and from the smoke of all conflicts they have emerged with "Loyalty" plainly visible in their faces. Representatives from our ranks have not only acquitted themselves with honor but have won their share of the gold medals offered at Commencement.

Until this year we have been more or less handicapped for a place to meet. Last fall we met for the first time in our beautiful hall on the first floor of the Epworth Gymnasium. This hall is amply supplied with those things essential in an up-to-date Society hall.

The chief aim of this Society is to give each man who enters her ranks the best possible equipment for life's battles, to provide a place where the principles taught in the class rooms may be put into practice.

No organization can long exist unless it meets the needs of those connected with it. We have not simply existed but have grown and are stronger today than at any time during the past.

Despite her youth, this Society has men in the Florida Conference and Vanderbilt University, and other places, who are making records worthy of her.

Our motto is "Excellence," and, striving to reach this ideal, we anticipate no failures.

Our colors are gold and black and the sight of these sends through our souls a thrill something akin to that inspired in the heart of every true patriot by the sight of "Old Glory."

The word Philomathean interpreted, means "The lover of knowledge." This is a characteristic of each member, and when we have said good-bye to "our dear old Alma Mater" we cannot, after all these years of training, forget that we are in every sense of the word "Philomatheans."

Under the colors, black and gold  
You may find the true and bold.  
Seek wisdom, said one of old,  
And no one is surer of the truth he told  
When with the front rank we emerge with fame,  
The chief joy then will be, we've honored the name.

PAUL A. FLETCHER.





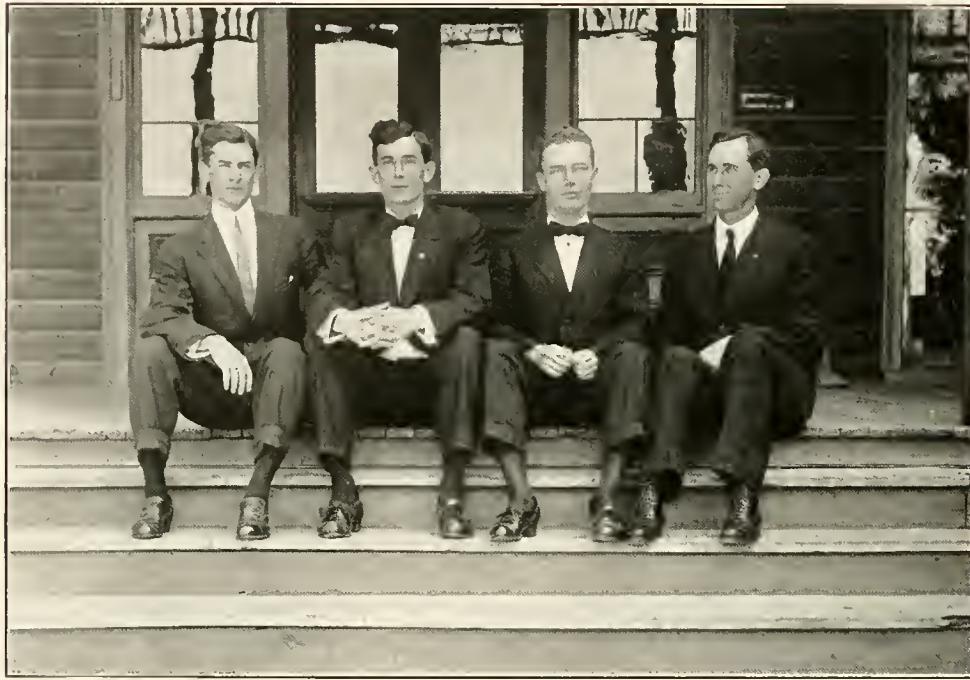
When the girls of the Erolethean and Sigma Delta societies challenged the boys of the Philomathean and Phi Sigma societies for a public debate, they did not expect a "walk-over." The young gentlemen have debates weekly in their societies, while the girls confine themselves to essays, readings and music. But the girls chose as their champions two who are gold medalists in oratorical contests, and felt that their side would be ably represented.

On the evening of March 16th, the young ladies, in well-chosen words, clearly presented many reasons why the right of suffrage should not be extended to women. They even anticipated and answered some of the arguments of their opponents. Contrary to general expectations, they did not once descend to the ridiculous or trivial, but advanced only valid, logical reasons in support of their side, handling the grave questions bearing upon this issue so as to display wide study and thorough preparation. The judges but voiced the sentiment of the entire audience when they unanimously voted that the young ladies had submitted the best arguments.

Their societies are proud of them, and hereby express their thanks and appreciation.

# ATHLETICS.





ATHLETIC OFFICERS.

## Athletic Association

### OFFICERS.

P. A. FLETCHER	- - - - -	President
H. W. WICKER	- - - - -	Vice-President
DAY EDGE	- - - - -	Secretary
E. W. McMULLEN	- - - - -	Treasurer

Fred Byrd

W. N. Walton

Troy Rhea

H. L. Funk

Ulmont Beville

Van Cason

Ralph Sellers

O. O. Feaster

R. A. Howland

B. W. Norton

E. S. Battle, Jr.

M. W. Stanton

H. B. Fussell

S. B. Hicks

W. T. Howell

H. W. Wicker

M. W. Smith

M. G. Platt

C. J. Carlton

J. S. Thrower

### MEMBERS.

R. T. Mickler	
H. Y. Keith	
M. N. Wagner	
M. C. Dupont	
H. Graham	
R. Carver	
J. H. Daniel	
C. H. Pennington	
T. W. Conrad	
J. A. Timberlake	
H. Snell, Jr.	
W. W. Knight	
O. M. Hayes	
Day Edge	
Jaime Noguera	
S. H. Harris	
J. J. Bracco	
W. H. Averitt	
S. E. Burd	
H. Dutill	

## Athletics

It has been no easy task to make the pace set by the teams of 1909 and 10, which were the first to represent us in games with the other colleges of the State, for they easily won the championship in both basket ball and base ball.

In basket ball, the title has never been disputed, and needless would it have been this year, because our team excelled any we have ever had, in many respects. Though with little experience at the opening of the season, not a member of last year's team being present, they soon proved what diligent practice will do for the capable.

In base ball, Burelson for the third time demonstrated that he could develop a team of "heavy hitters," and this is what it takes to win.

To accommodate a sister college, our season opened at least two weeks earlier than we desired, and, as a result, we gained but few games in that time. However, our record is not one to be ashamed of. In fact, we are very proud of the boys who have represented us, and also proud of the record they have made for us.

The spirit of fair play, of manly sport, and of excellency in body as well as mind, is growing, and as they tend to develop friendship and encourage co-operation, at the same time they prevent the vices which flourish where wholesome employment is denied.

If we are to take our achievements, in the present limited conditions, as a prophecy of what Greater Sonthern will mean, our encouragement must grow into enthusiasm.

Prof. McMullen is still acting as manager for all teams, and getting the thanks for all our victories and defeats. But we are glad that the feeling that the "teams are ours" is growing, and that every member of the school is showing his willingness to help to bring victory our way. Plans are now on foot by which our athletics may be on a surer financial basis another year.

## Base Ball

Van Landingham, c.	Howell, r. f.
Wicker, 1b.	Burleson, coach, p.
Conrad, 2b.	Whitmore, p.
MacReynolds, ss.	Jordan, p.
Lawler, 3b.	Mickler, sub.
Bryan, l. f.	Beville, sub.
Smith, c. f.	

### SCHEDULE.

Feb. 16—Stetson . . . . .	7	Southern. . . . .	5
Feb. 17—Stetson . . . . .	4	Southern. . . . .	2
Feb. 23—Columbia . . . . .	0	Southern. . . . .	0
Feb. 24—Columbia . . . . .	0	Southern. . . . .	9
Mar. 2—Tampa H. S. . . . .	2	Southern. . . . .	8
Mar. 11—Tampa H. S. . . . .	2	Southern. . . . .	15
Mar. 16—Stetson . . . . .	0	Southern. . . . .	1
Mar. 16—Stetson . . . . .	1	Southern. . . . .	4
Mar. 22—Florida . . . . .	11	Southern. . . . .	11
Mar. 23—Florida . . . . .	7	Southern. . . . .	5

Won 5, lost 3, tied 2.



VARSTY BASEBALL TEAM, '12.

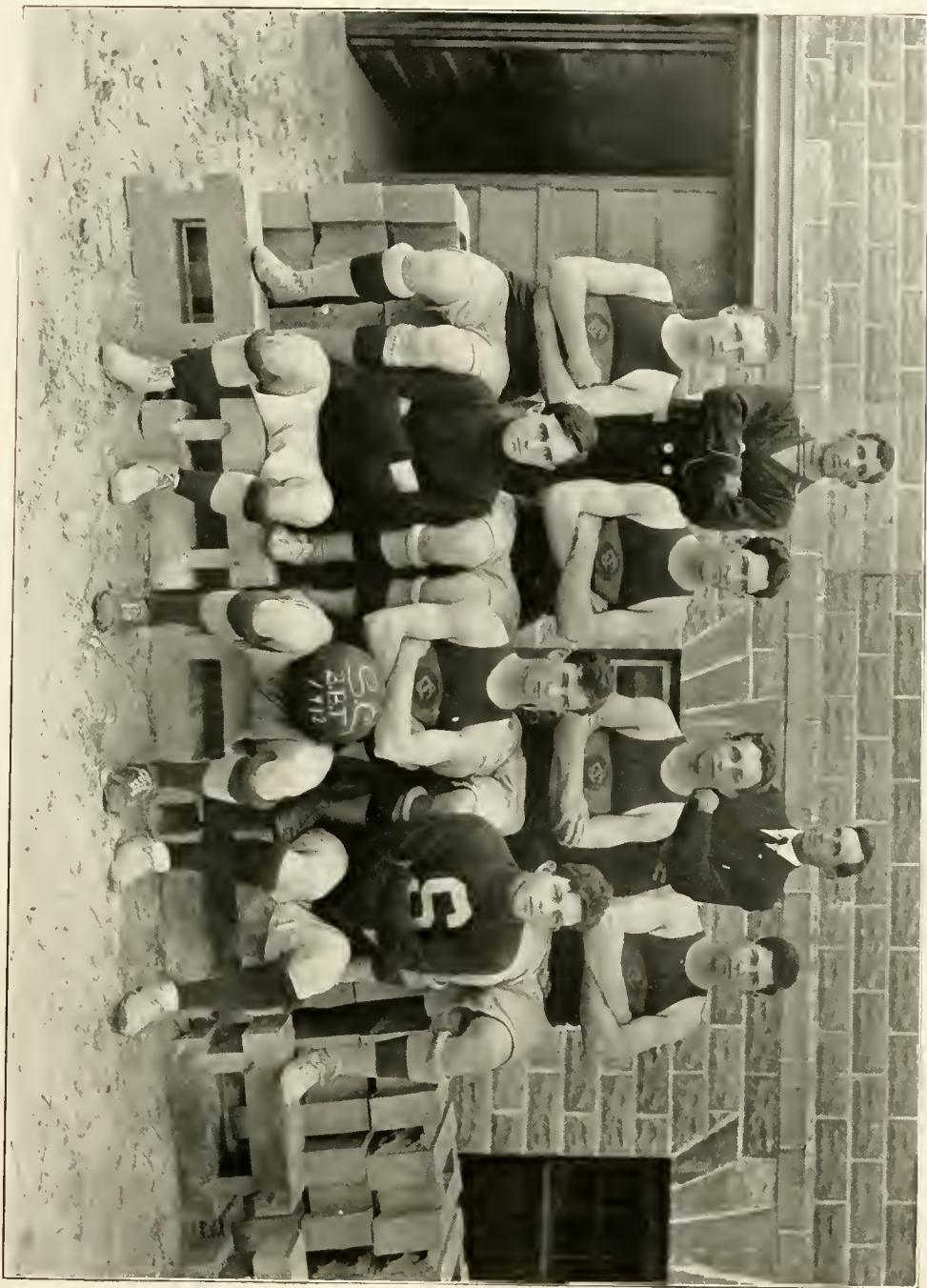
## Basket Ball

TEAM: Wicker, f. (Capt.); Smith, f.; Lawler, f; Dupont, c.; Edge, g.;  
MacReynolds, g.; Conrad, sub.

### SCHEDULE.

Dec. 16—Tampa Y. M. C. A.	17	Southern.....	25
Jan. 6—Mercer University	70	Southern.....	20
Jan. 15—Tampa . . . . .	21	Southern.....	22
Feb. 3—University Florida	14	Southern.....	33
Feb. 4—University Florida	14	Southern.....	24
Feb. 16—Stetson . . . . .	23	Southern.....	36
Feb. 21—Jax Y. M. C. A.	62	Southern.....	10

Won 5; lost 2.



VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM, '12.

## **Girls' Basket Ball Team**

Southern College may well be proud of The Girls' Basket Ball Team, having not lost a single game this season.

Their faithful and efficient Captain, Miss Coxe, has taken great interest in procuring games, and she has done her full share in winning all those in which she has participated. She has made a fine record as a forward, her goal throwing being a feature of every game.

Miss Shipp, the other forward, has won for herself, as well as Miss Coxe, an excellent reputation as a first class player of the game. The way she dodged the opposing guards was noticed and applauded by all.

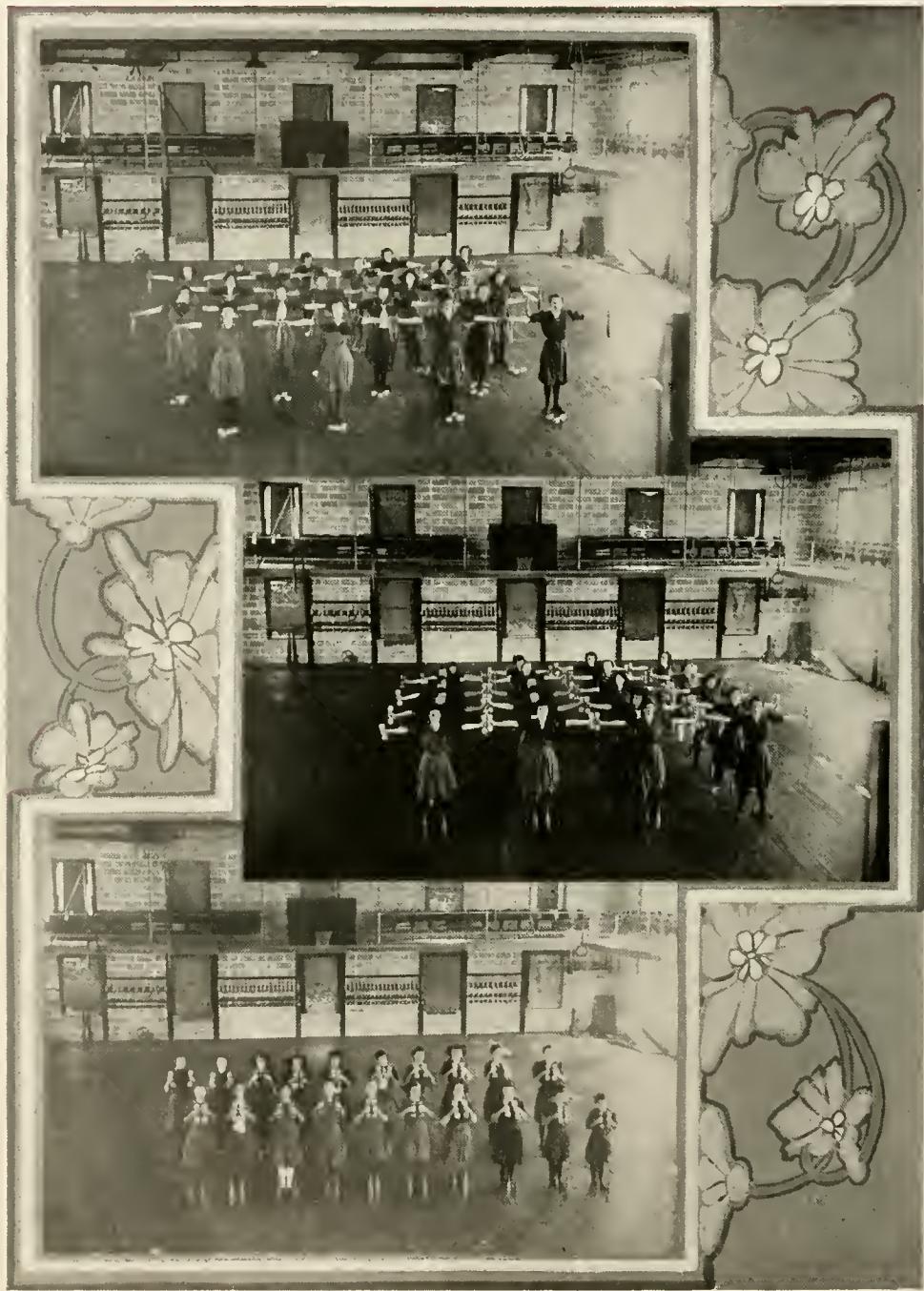
Good guarding is a very important part of the game. No matter how good the forwards may be, if the guards are poor, there is little chance of victory. In this respect Southern College Basket Ball Team was very fortunate indeed to have Miss Collins and Miss Parker fill these places. Having excellent guards like these, there is little danger of losing a goal, even if the ball happens to pass to the opposite end of the court.

The principal duty of the centers is to pass the ball; and speaking of passing the ball, Misses Conrad and Cason are unexcelled. On account of the strict rules concerning the lines, it is a very difficult matter to do this passing unless it be an experienced player.

Another reason why the girls won every game was the way they played together. No matter how good the places may be filled, if the players do not work together, they are sure to lose.



VARSITY BASKETBALL, '12.



GIRLS' PHYSICAL CULTURE CLASS.



Boys' GYMNASIUM CLASS.

## I Want to Go Back to S. C.

(An A. B.'s Lament.)

My thoughts this day are of a place far away,  
Full of memories so precious to me.  
In a Southland grown, of days that have flown,  
Of a happier used to be.  
As never before I long to live o'er  
All those sweet days, so happy and free,  
Oh, I want to go back to S. C.

I want to go back to the school in the pines,  
Which to-day sweet memory recalls,  
And again I would look in each cranny and nook,  
And wander amid its spacious halls  
With Nita at my side, my room-mate and my pride.  
I would stroll as happy as could be  
On the campus, or the dock—our arms we would lock.  
Oh, I want to go back to S. C.

Ah, to wander again on the campus at dusk,  
Hand in hand with the girl I love;  
Oh, to stand by the gate, in the dim twilight late,  
Would be as a joy sent from above.  
Hear the chirps in the trees and feel the fresh salt breeze;  
Yes, just as it used to be.  
Or to sit with the folks on the steps and tell jokes.  
Oh, I want to be back in S. C.

I want to go back to the old rising bell,  
Hear it ring as it used to do,  
With its dreary old lay, "Come, get up right away,  
Or there'll be no breakfast for you."  
Then I want to lie still and just snooze for a spell,  
Till the last bell rings us to be  
In a hurry and a flurry, in a scamper and a scurry.  
I want to be back in S. C.

I want to go back to chapel once more  
And sit there in the same old seat;  
The old piano hear, as it rings out so clear  
In melody mellow and sweet,  
And sing "Love Divine" or "I'm Wholly Thine,"  
Or the familiar "More Love to Thee."  
A Bible lesson hear by our President dear.  
Oh, I want to go back to S. C.

I want to go back on some Monday night.  
To visit dear old Erothean Hall;  
Again sit at my place with a proud, happy face,  
To hear each member answer to roll call;  
To hear a good debate, or by a speech relate  
E. L. S. principles as they will ever be  
Of victories won, of work to be done.  
Oh, yes, I do want to go back to S. C.

I want to have a "trunk social"  
And sit there as I used to do  
In plain sight; yes, under the light,  
Feeling happy thru and thru.  
And I want to chat about this and that  
(O happy gone-by, you can never more be)  
And prattle and pout till "Connie" comes out.  
And says, "Good-night, son, the time's up, you see."

I want to walk on the dock once more,  
Leading out to Pig Isle, the gem!  
Many scenes of a spread, where we ate till most dead;  
Those jolly days, O, I long for them!  
And to plow across the serene old bay,  
Off to the light-house for another beach day.  
Yes, happy days those were to me,  
On the beach we'd dream and walk, feast, steal away and talk.  
Oh, I want to go back to S. C.

Does the mocking bird still sing by my window in the spring,  
So sweetly each morn before daylight?  
Does the perfumed breeze from the magnolia trees  
Kiss the inmates of our corner room bright?  
Do the palms rustle low as they did long ago?  
Bamboos still wave by the Eucalyptus tree?  
Do the co-eds, still rove in the little pine grove?  
Oh, I do want to go back to S. C.

Do the birds that now hop in the camphor tree top  
Ever breathe a sad song for me?  
Do the girls who now walk thru the halls ever talk  
Of the times as they used to be?  
Do they know that some day when they are far away,  
That they will sigh and weep with me;  
With me they will long for the days that are gone,  
And they'll want to go back to S. C.?



"I say, Van, what is that you have in your hands? It looks remarkably like that big white cat of your wife's that she used to be so fond of." Van Cort started at the sound of the voice, but looked again at the object he held, a large white cat, now showing signs of life, before he put it down and turned to shake the hand of Dick Resslar, who had, with the freedom of old acquaintance, entered his laboratory without notice. "Hello, Dick; when did you blow in? The last time I heard of you, you were in Alaska gold hunting." "I'm here on a flying trip, and of course I came to see you as soon as possible after arriving; but look at that cat, he's getting up." Van Cort crossed the room and poured out a saucer of milk, which the animal lapped hungrily when it was set before him. Resslar, who was watching the scene closely, said: "It's the very image of old Bubaslis, your wife's pet which disappeared, nearly ten years ago it is now; where did you get him?" "It is Bubaslis, or 'Bub,' as we called him," said Van Cort. "But if Bub were living he would be nearly fifteen years old, and that cat isn't half of that; besides, Bub disappeared." "It is Bub, though," said his friend with a chuckle; "sit down and I'll tell you about it; there are the cigars."

Resslar looked at his friend intently, but, except for a slight air of repressed excitement, could detect nothing unusual about him, though his story about the cat before him being Bub was plainly a fairy tale, so he gave his attention to the careful lighting of a cigar while he waited for Van Cort to begin.

"You always laughed at me for my interest in hypnotism and medicines," said Van. "Well, after I left college and began practicing medicine here in New York,

I dropped all notice of such things, for because of the fraud and trickery continually practiced by those who professed a knowledge of it, I could not afford to be mixed up with it. However, I believed there was something in it, as would one day be discovered, so I kept up my studies secretly. That cat there is the result of my experiments and the proof of my theories. Cats, you know, are more sensitive than any other creature, to psychic influences, except man. Bubaslis was a particularly intelligent animal, and I often made use of him in my experiments, hypnotizing him and impressing on his brain the idea of awaking at the end of a certain period, then causing him to pass into a cataleptic trance, during which he was apparently dead but for a very slight respiration. He invariably awoke at the designated time, and five years ago I decided on my grand experiment: you see the results of it now. I hypnotized the cat, with the idea of waking at the end of five years definitely fixed on his mind. I made him pass into the final stage. In this stage the entire body, except the lungs and heart, is dormant; they work very slowly, so slowly that but little energy is needed to support life. Bubaslis has been sleeping for five years, and except that he is a little thin, he is none the worse for the experience."

A low chuckle came from Resslar as he rose, which broke into a laugh as he said: "A capital yarn, old man; come on, the dinner's on me." A slight frown creased Van Cort's brow as he said: "Wait a minute, I'm serious."

Still laughing, Resslar stopped, but at the expression on the face before him, he frowned slightly, then Van Cort laughed and said, "No, I'm not crazy, if it does sound like it. Let me show you something." Drawing a key from his pocket, he unlocked a door at one side of the room and entered it, Resslar following wonderingly.

They stopped beside a small glass case, through the sides of which could be seen the body of a cat in a perfect state of preservation.

"What have you done, embalmed him?" asked Resslar, as he examined the case and found it securely sealed. "And what is this, a feline mausoleum?" for on all sides of the room could be seen cases similar to the one beside them, and in each was the body of a cat. Van Cort only motioned to him to look closer at the one beside them.

Resslar looked for a few minutes intently, and then said, "That is clever work. I could almost swear I saw its chest move a little."

"You did," said Van Cort. "That cat is alive, and so is every one in this room."

"But the case is sealed," protested Resslar. "What are these substances in either end?"

"Come back and sit down and I'll explain," said Van Cort. "Those alum-like crystals which you saw at one end are a compound which I discovered, as I also did the liquid at the other end. The crystals, when exposed to the air, very slowly

give off oxygen, of which it is principally composed. The liquid at the other end absorbs carbon dioxide when it is present and forms a crystal. The cat, while in a trance, breathes very slowly, requiring a very small amount of oxygen and giving off but a minute quantity of carbon dioxide. This is removed by the liquid and oxygen supplied as needed by the crystals. I have been working to determine the time that life can be sustained under these conditions, and I have found that for the average cat it is twelve years; that is, there is sufficient energy stored away to sustain life for that period."

"That doesn't seem possible, even if the other is true," said Resslar.

"It is, however, as I have proven conclusively. With an animal of greater muscular development the period would be longer. For a man it would be about one hundred and twenty-five years. For an exceptionally vigorous one, such as yourself, about one hundred and fifty. But come, let us have dinner."

After dinner, Van Cort was called away and the friends agreed to meet at dinner the next evening. After dinner the following evening they sat at their carefully secluded table in a corner of the cafe, listening to the dreamy strains of a hidden orchestra. Van Cort talked gaily of old times, but Resslar paid little heed, sitting quiet and toying absent-mindedly with his glass. Finally Van Cort dropped his jaunty tone and asked, "What is the matter, old man; is it Grace? I was afraid you were staying away too long."

"Yes, it's Grace, and I did stay away too long," said Resslar. "It was her letter that brought me back. I saw her last night. She and young Ingraham will announce their engagement soon, for she only waited to be released from me to give him his answer. I stayed away up there in Alaska trying to find my bag of gold at the end of the rainbow till I lost her love. It's nearly three years now since I went up there swearing I wouldn't come back till I could match dollars with that old skinflint dad of hers." Then the subject was dropped, for Van Cort realized the bitterness of sympathy offered at such a time.

The talk drifted round to science and the probable achievements of the future.

"I wish I could live to see what the next generation will do," said Van Cort at the conclusion.

"So do I," said Resslar.

Then Van Cort went home and Resslar returned to his hotel.

The next afternoon Resslar came around to his friend's office with a curiously mixed air of eagerness and sadness. After a few minutes of commonplaces, Resslar said, "You remember our talk the other day about your experiments. Well, last night, after you left, while I was thinking of scientific progress as we had been discussing it, a remark of yours came into my mind. You said under conditions similar to the ones in which your cats are placed, a man would live for one hundred and twenty-five years; a very strong man, such as myself, a hundred and fifty."

"Yes," said Van Cort, eyeing the tall athletic figure before him, toughened by the hard, clean life of the far North. "You should be good for a hundred and fifty easily. But what are you driving at?"

"This," said Resslar. "I thought when you were talking about what would be done in the next hundred years, that I would rather live then than now. My parents are dead; I have no near relatives, and now that I've lost Grace, you are the only person who knows me well or who is interested in me. I want you to do for me what you did for that cat."

"You are crazy to think of it," said his friend.

"No, I'm not; it's like this: I'm no despondent grouch who wants to commit suicide, but life doesn't hold very much for me now. I want to live, but I would rather live a hundred years from now than in the present."

Van Cort was horrified but as they talked his scientific nature was aroused and at last he yielded to his friend's urging and consented.

Resslar said goodbye to his few friends, telling them he was off for a longer trip than usual and didn't know when he would return.

He then went to Van Cort's laboratory where preparations were in progress for the step he was about to take. Two large cases, one of steel with a massive cover and a smaller one of heavy glass were made and there in readiness.

Compartments were fixed in either end of the glass case to hold the required amount of the two substances needed to sustain life for the period they had decided on, one hundred years. These were filled and Resslar was hypnotized and the idea of awakening at the end of one hundred years carefully impressed and then Van Cort caused him to pass into a cataleptic state.

Pale and trembling from the nervous strain Van Cort lifted his friend into the glass case and set about sealing down the lid, for as it was to be secret he must attend to all the work himself. After this was done he lifted the case by means of a contrivance of ropes and pulleys and lowered it into the carefully padded steel case. He then set about fastening the lid of that down by means of clamps provided for the purpose. Before swinging it into place however he placed inside a letter addressed to the Mayor of New York in which he set down all the particulars of the case. When the lid was fastened the case was carried to the vaults of the Knicker Boeker Trust Co. and deposited there with the notice that at the end of one hundred years, the period its storage was paid for, that it should be carried to the Mayor's office and there be opened in the presence of the city officials.

On the morning of the 12th of July, 2012, Miss Helen Ritche's curiosity was roused to the highest pitch. That morning had come a letter from the president of the Knicker Boeker Trust Co. informing her of a huge steel case which had been deposited in the institution one hundred years before with instructions that on that date it should be carried to the mayor's office and there opened in the

presence of the mayor and the city officials. Summoning the officials she waited for their coming.

Meanwhile the case was brought in and a smith was sent for to open the mysterious box. He removed the lid amid a silence which was truly remarkable for such a gathering, for not only was the mayor a woman but so were everyone of the officials.

The lid was finally removed. Within was the envelope addressed to the mayor, which Miss Ritche opened and read aloud, giving the officials the facts of the case. The glass box was now lifted out and carried to a nearby hospital where it was opened and Resslar lifted out and placed in bed.

Later on in the day, acting on the suggestion imprinted on his brain by Van Cort one hundred years before, he again became conscious and opened his eyes. The first thing of which Resslar thought when he opened his eyes, was the Sunday Supplement of the newspapers, for every one of the nurses whose faces he saw framed in the dainty white nurse's cap, wore something which resembled to a great degree the much cartooned harem skirt with which he was familiar, except at the bottom of each leg there was a fluffy lace-like frill. As he gazed closer at the faces above him the horrified conviction was borne into his consciousness that every one of these nurses were men, there was not a woman in sight.

A few days later when he had recovered his strength and control of himself he received a note asking him to call at the mayor's office which he did immediately. And what a sight met his astounded eyes! As he was ushered into the room, it was a sight to daunt the bravest and cause everyone who was not a total abstainer to believe he was "seein' things."

Leaning back in a swivel chair was a tall, dark young woman clad in bloomers and smoking a long black cigar; at a table near the desk a plump, blonde young man pounded furiously away on a type-writer, and shuddered as the draft created by the opening of the door gave him the full benefit of a whiff of the cigar the young lady was smoking.

"Ah! Mr. Resslar, I believe," said the young lady as she rose and extended her hand. "Glad to see you. Yours is a unique case and has aroused much interest in the city. I suppose we are equally strange to you but you will easily become accustomed to the new order."

"Yes, it is strange. I have seen but little as yet but I shall go over the city now and see if anything remains with which I am familiar," said Resslar.

"I shall be delighted to provide an escort," she said.

"An escort?" he repeated in surprise.

"Certainly; you do not intend to go about the city unaccompanied by a female companion, I presume. I shall be delighted to take you around myself when I have time, but just now I am very busy. The men's suffrage movement is assuming

alarming proportions and must be handled. I shall be glad to have you take dinner with me this evening and meet my parents. My mother is one of the political leaders of my party, and now good morning," and she turned and began dictating to the young man at the typewriter.

Resslar left the office in a very puzzled frame of mind. When he had lived before those who tried to be funny had drawn absurd pictures of conditions which would come about when woman ruled as they declared she inevitably would but the reality was even worse than the wildest of their fancies.

That evening he dined at the mayor's home and at the close of the dinner instead of the women rising and leaving the men to their cigars and stories, it was the men who retired. Later in the evening Miss Ritche suggested that he would appear much better if he would clothe himself as those about him did.

The next day, not wishing to make himself conspicuous, he called in a tailor to take his measure and make garments for him similar to those worn by other men.

"You must have some stays, sir," said the tailor, "without a corset it is impossible to make the costume set well and although rather large you have a very attractive figure which should be shown off to the best advantage."

A knock at the door brought from Resslar the invitation to "come in" and Mr. Ritche, the father of the mayor entered. He was a lively old gentleman, clad in a costume of pea green trimmed in old rose. The tailor having completed his business, retired and the two men sat down for a confidential chat during which Mr. Ritche discussed existing conditions and Resslar alternately laughed and groaned. The women were in full control, held all the offices and the men were not even allowed to vote but were made to stay at home and superintend the household and care for the children.

They were interrupted by Mrs. Ritche who was after her husband. He was a gad-a-bout and his irate lord and mistress gave him a thorough scolding.

A few days later Resslar was walking down the street with the mayor who was smoking. Rassler drew a cigar from his pocket and started to light it but stopped at the indignant protest of Miss Ritche.

"What's the row?" he asked in surprise.

"Sir," she said, "have you no respect for yourself or regard for the law either? No gentleman would so far forget his modesty as to smoke in public and beside there is a statute which provides thirty days in the work house for such an offense."

He was still puzzling over the topsy-turvy world in which he had wakened when Mr. Ritche called to see him and after pledging him to secrecy unfolded a plan, the program of the Men's Suffrage Movement and asked Resslar to take an active part. He consented and on the appointed date mass meetings, parades and

speeches were held all over the country. The police interfered and locked them up by the wholesale but the campaign for men's rights was on in earnest.

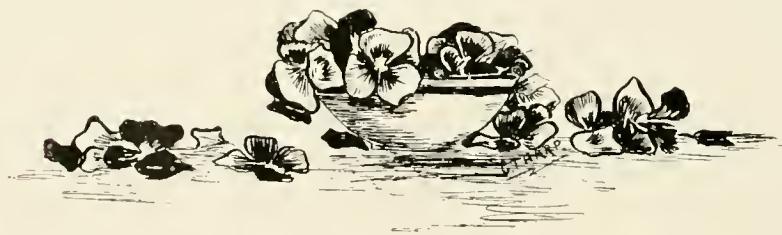
Miss Ritche had displayed admiration for Mr. Resslar from the first but it increased as she watched his determined fight and though they differed on this she began to spend more and more time in his company.

One day Resslar and a fellow speaker were arrested at one of their mass meetings by an irate police officer with a coppery nose and fog horn voice. She carried them to the police station and there Resslar was visited by Miss Ritche, who, touched by his plight, offered to discharge the case, and hastened by her pity declared her love for him and proposed. At this last supreme reversal of things Resslar's sense of the ridiculous overcame him and he laughed. Rising haughtily from her knees the mayor strode from the room and sentenced Resslar to thirty days' solitary confinement.

Love is much the same everywhere and any time. After his release he was again approached by Miss Ritche who paid assiduous court to him and at last he felt the dawning of a tender passion within his own breast and when Miss Ritche proposed again he accepted her.

Seating herself in a large chair in the dimly lighted parlor she besought him "to come to her and be her own sweet pet." While he might give up in most things, however there were a few which he was determined to do in his own way and this was one of them so he made her get up and sat down himself and held out his arms to her. She stood regarding him with a puzzled frown for a few minutes. Truly he was curious. He wanted to do so many things backwards, but she decided, loving was loving if he did do it when it was her place to, so she seated herself in his lap and then was heard the sound of the one thing woman couldn't change—a kiss!

RAY HOWLAND.



## **Sutherland, My Sutherland**

Come, let us sing the dear old name,  
    Sutherland, my Sutherland;  
And let the heavens resound her fame,  
    Sutherland, my Sutherland;  
Let the mountains and the hills acclaim;  
Let the rivers bear it to the main,  
And every breeze take up the strain,  
    Sutherland, my Sutherland.

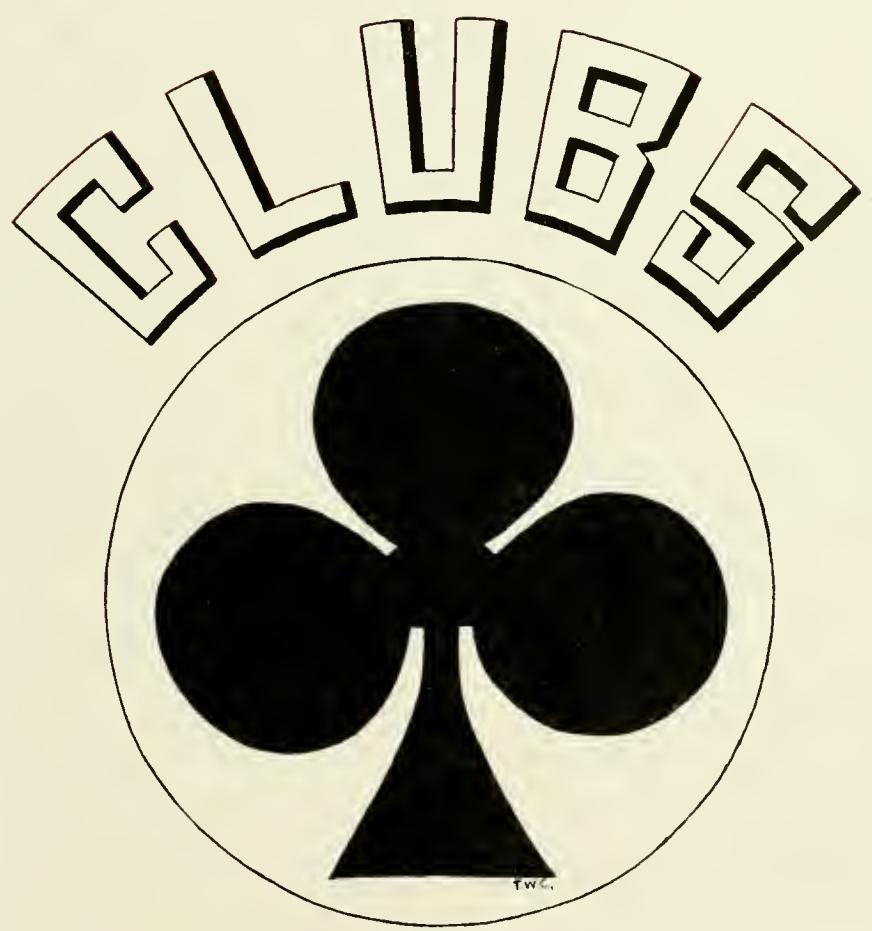
Our hearts beat faster as we sing  
    Sutherland, my Sutherland;  
For memories about thee cling,  
    Sutherland, my Sutherland.  
We love the thoughts thy name doth bring,  
The many joys that from thee spring;  
Our voices loud in praises ring,  
    Sutherland, my Sutherland.

Long live the spirit that entralls,  
    Sutherland, my Sutherland!  
E'er green the ivy on the walls,  
    Sutherland, my Sutherland!  
O come what may, whate'er befalls,  
The spirit of thy name recalls  
The dear old days within thy walls,  
    Sutherland, dear Sutherland!

E. W. McMULLEN.



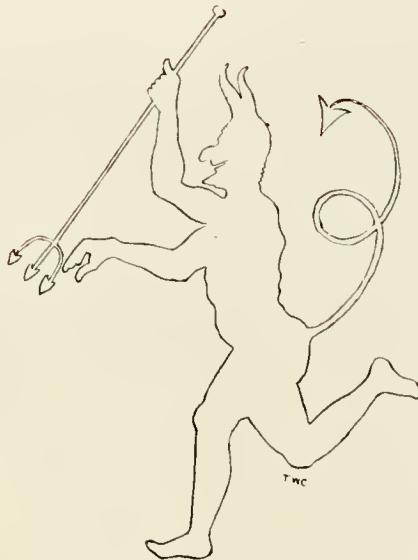
ROAD TO CASTLE OF LEARNING.



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## Sembligation Club

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MOTTO: We work while you sleep.

DAY EDGE	- - - - -	Big Chief
MILTON SMITH	- - - - -	Little Chief
WINSTON LAWLER	- - - - -	Ambassador
HUGH WICKER	- - - - -	Wampum Keeper
CLARENCE CARLTON	- - - - -	Scout
STATEN BROWN	- - - - -	Scout
HARBERT KEITH	- - - - -	Scout

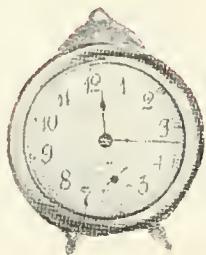
At the beginning of the year we found that only four-sevenths of our members had returned. But our determination to continue the Sembligation was so strong that we at once began to search for new material. In our new members—C. J. Carlton, W. S. Brown and H. Y. Keith—we were not disappointed. At a moment's notice they are ready for action and their actions always bring results.

Our three lost members—Walker Kennedy, Watson Lawler and Harry Collins are enrolled in other colleges. We feel sure that they are making for themselves the same records that they made while here in our midst. Here's luck to them in the faculty meetings.

We are known by the fruits we have borne. These were borne during the dark hours of the night.



SIMPLIFICATION CLUB.



## M. N. H. R.



MOTTO: "Life is one thing after another."

RENDEZVOUS: Cupola. COSTUME: Kimona. COLORS: Red and Black.

FRANCES YOUNG	- - - - -	President
LILLIAN SHIHP	- - - - -	Vice President
OUIDA MALLEY	- - - - -	Secretary
BESSIE HENRY	- - - - -	Treasurer
EUNICE COX	- - - - -	Sergeant-at-arms

### BUSINESS MEETING.

Midnight feasts are the mostest fun,  
In your kimona at the stroke of one,  
Dim make the light, or Connie might come!

Now to the cupola we're ready to fly,  
Inspect the halls if you don't want to die.  
Good, they're vacant, and fourth floor too.  
Heavy is the trap-door, yes, my, that's true.  
Tons it weighs, but up it goes and we do too.

Here comes Frances and next is Bess,  
Eunice too, but where did you lose your breath?  
Lillian with the crackers and Ouida with the cheese.  
Light the candle, somebody, but oh, I'm about to freeze.

Raisins in our crackers and pimentoes with our cheese,  
Apples for the salad and some canned goods if you please.  
Irish potato soup is good made in your own room.  
Say, but it's too windy here for that sort of fun.  
Eat all you want of sandwiches, pork and beans,  
Raspberry jam, pickles and canned cream.  
Say, we'd better hurry if we don't want to freeze.



M. N. H. R. CUTT.

## Baukoks

MOTTO: All for love, but don't let your heart get affected.

C. H. PENNINGTON	- - - - -	President
BEN. W. MORTEN	- - - - -	Vice President
WILL N. WALTON	- - - - -	Secretary
A. W. MCCLAREN	- - - - -	Treasurer
LOUIE McREYNOLDS	- - - - -	Sergeant-at-arms
RALPH SELLARS	- - - - -	Scout
M. C. DUPONT	- - - - -	Fool
VINCENT BRICE	- - - - -	Ladies' Man
HENRY SNELL	- - - - -	Commissary Clerk
McREYNOLDS and WALTON	- - -	Culinary Artists

The name of this club is typical of its purpose. Do you know what the name means? If you do, a liberal reward of ten cents will be freely awarded you.

The purpose of this club is the above stated motto. But we are sorry to say, our president didn't stick to the motto. He tried, but got too deeply entangled and lost control of his heart.

This club has been accused of many mysterious things; of course, we were guilty of none, but we have hard times making the Faculty agree with us.

This club was organized to train its members in various ways, according to the office they hold.

Mr. Sellars, our scout, is recognized as being one of the best, if not the best, at school. Having been here for six years and practicing his art continually he naturally knows where the best "Russets and Chickens," grow. And with a little assistance, Mr. Sellars can supply the desired "Vegetables." The boys prefer those just mentioned more than all others. Queer, isn't it?

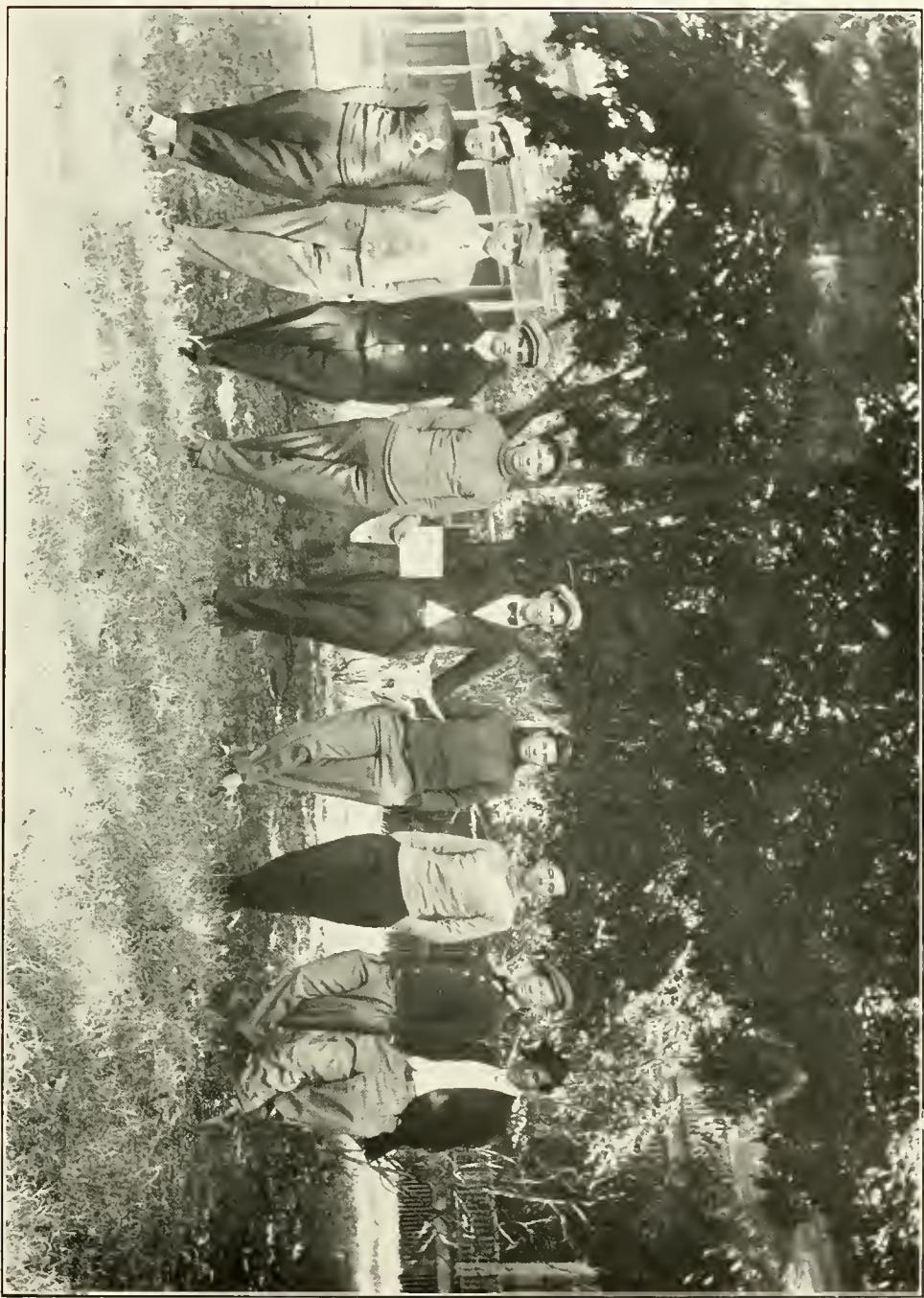
It is a queer office indeed, which Mr. DuPont holds and it might be difficult for some to fill it. But it is very easy for Mr. DuPont; he simply has to act natural.

Now comes Mr. Snell. He fills a very important position. In fact the club could not do without this officer. His title tells what his duty is, and he performs it perfectly.

We need no attorney as all are good "Lawyers."

Our meeting place (before Light Bell), is room No. 3 Annex Bldg.; (after Light Bell), (?).

Most any dark (or Moonlight), night, the members of this club may be seen loitering around under the shade of some trees or Chicken Houses, (Feast To-night).



BANGKOK CLUB.

## Blue Sinkers

SINKERS MAXIM: Better be Green than Blue.

MEETING PLACE: Blue Sink. TIME: Monday afternoons. COLOR: Blue.

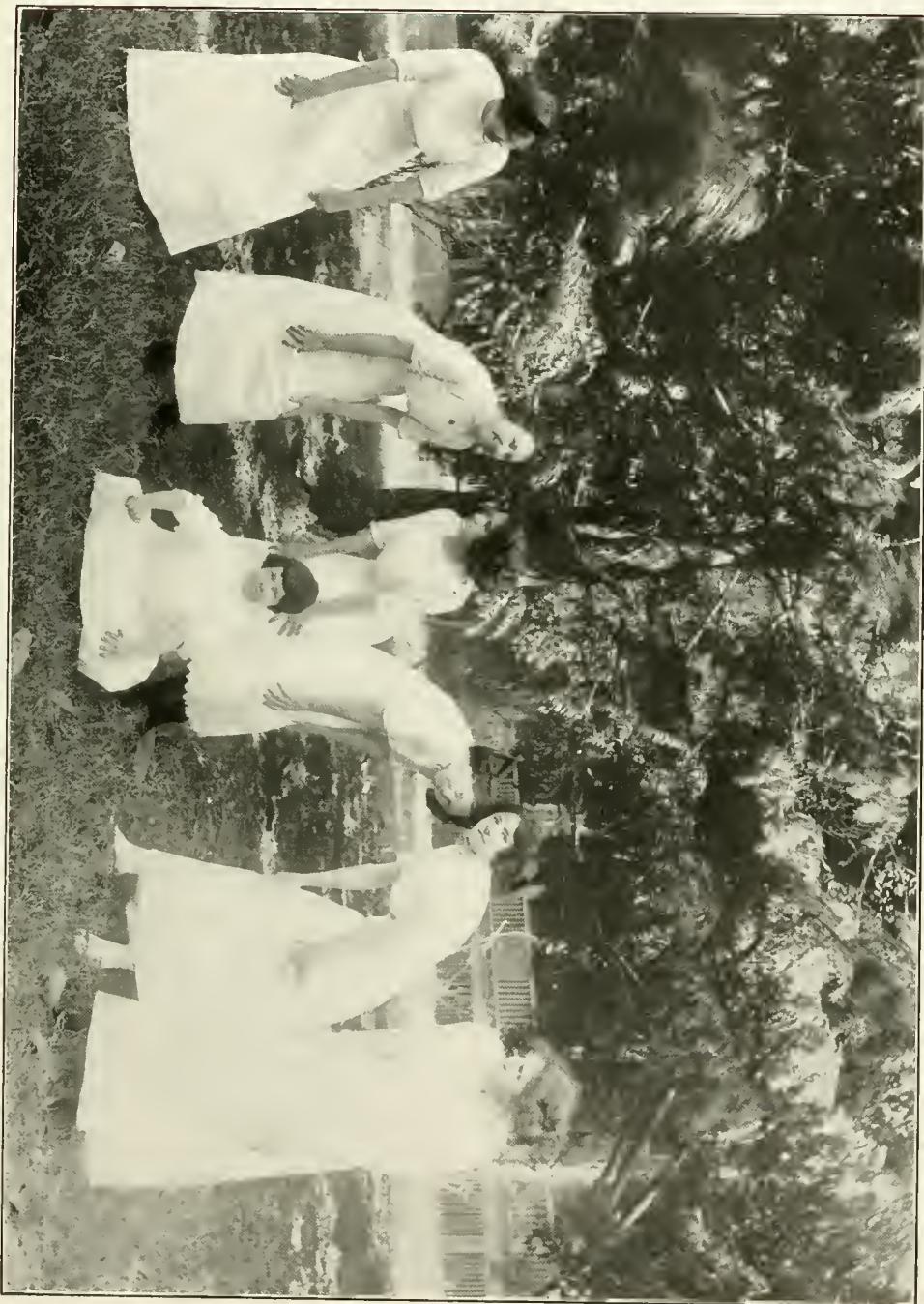
President - - - - -	LILLIAN SHIPP
Vice President - - - - -	BERTHA EDGE
Secretary - - - - -	PAULINE PARKER
Treasurer - - - - -	OUIDA MALLOY
Can Opener - - - - -	PEARL RUSS
Nut Cracker - - - - -	KATIE EDGE
Mascot - - - - -	MARY LOUISE SAULS

Near Southern College is a beautiful sink,  
Blue are its waters and you wouldn't think  
The lime rocks in it, were very far away.  
But no one has sounded bottom, not even 'til this day.  
It's at the foot of a small hill and not very wide across,  
Surrounded by oaks, gracefully draped with hanging moss.

Often on Monday with a teacher, you know,  
We seven mischievous school girls to Blue Sink must go.  
We never smile at a boy, pass a note or climb a fence  
Into an orange grove : we all have too much sense.

But ginger snaps, candy, bananas and nuts,  
We always carry with us, for we must have a lunch.  
After we've dined and frightened the teacher half into a fit,  
For fear we will tumble in and get a little dip,  
We start back to Sutherland and with laughter, shouts and yells,  
Our merry voices are heard above the clanging supper bell.

BLUE SINKERS CLUB.



## **Feasters' Club**

MEETING PLACE: Pine Woods.

COLOR: Gold Taffy.

MOTTO: "Gimme the Jam."

PURPOSE OF CLUB: To make life possible, regardless of Mess Hall deficiencies.

### MEMBERS.

Juanita Pipkin - - - - - President

Maud Sever

Pauline Parker

Bertha Edge

Katie Edge

Flossie Pipkin

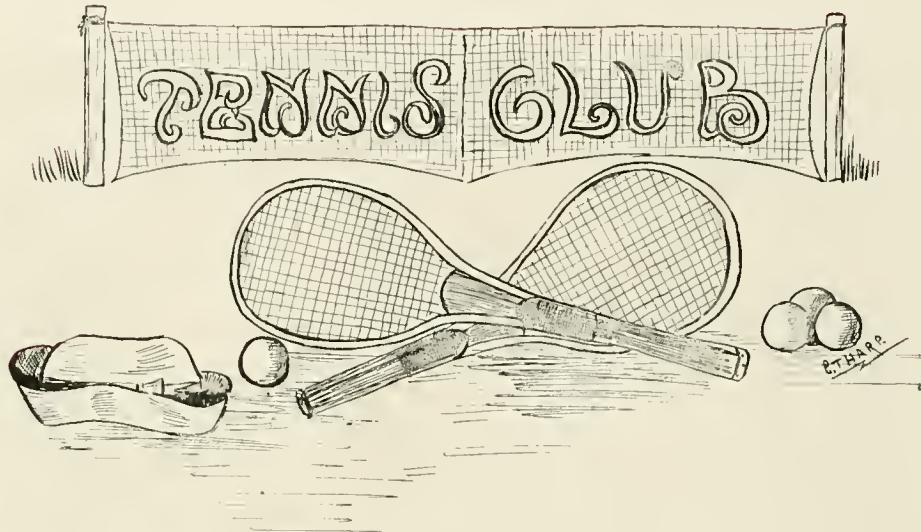
Lulu R. Greer

Thelma Crum - - - - - Mascot

Honorary, Mr. Orion Otis Feaster.



FEASTERS CLUB.



Motto: "Thirty Love."

EDNA FUSSELL - - - - - President

BENA COLLINS - - - - - Secretary

LELIA DUKE - - - - - Treasurer

#### MEMBERS.

Winnie Hartman

Juanita Pipkin

Edna Fussell

Lulu Greer

Lillian Shipp

Flossie Pipkin

Ouida Malloy

Linda Smith

Halecia E. Bower

Dorothy Bates

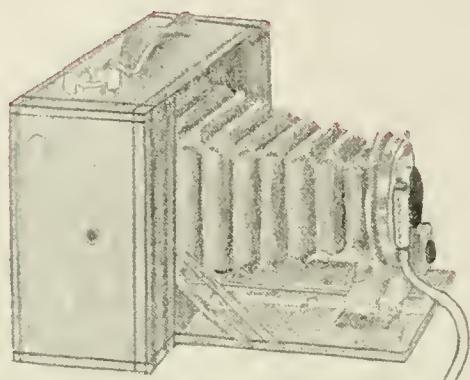
Mary A. Griffith

Bena Collins

Lelia Duke

TENNIS CLUB.





Kodak  
Curl

T.W.C.

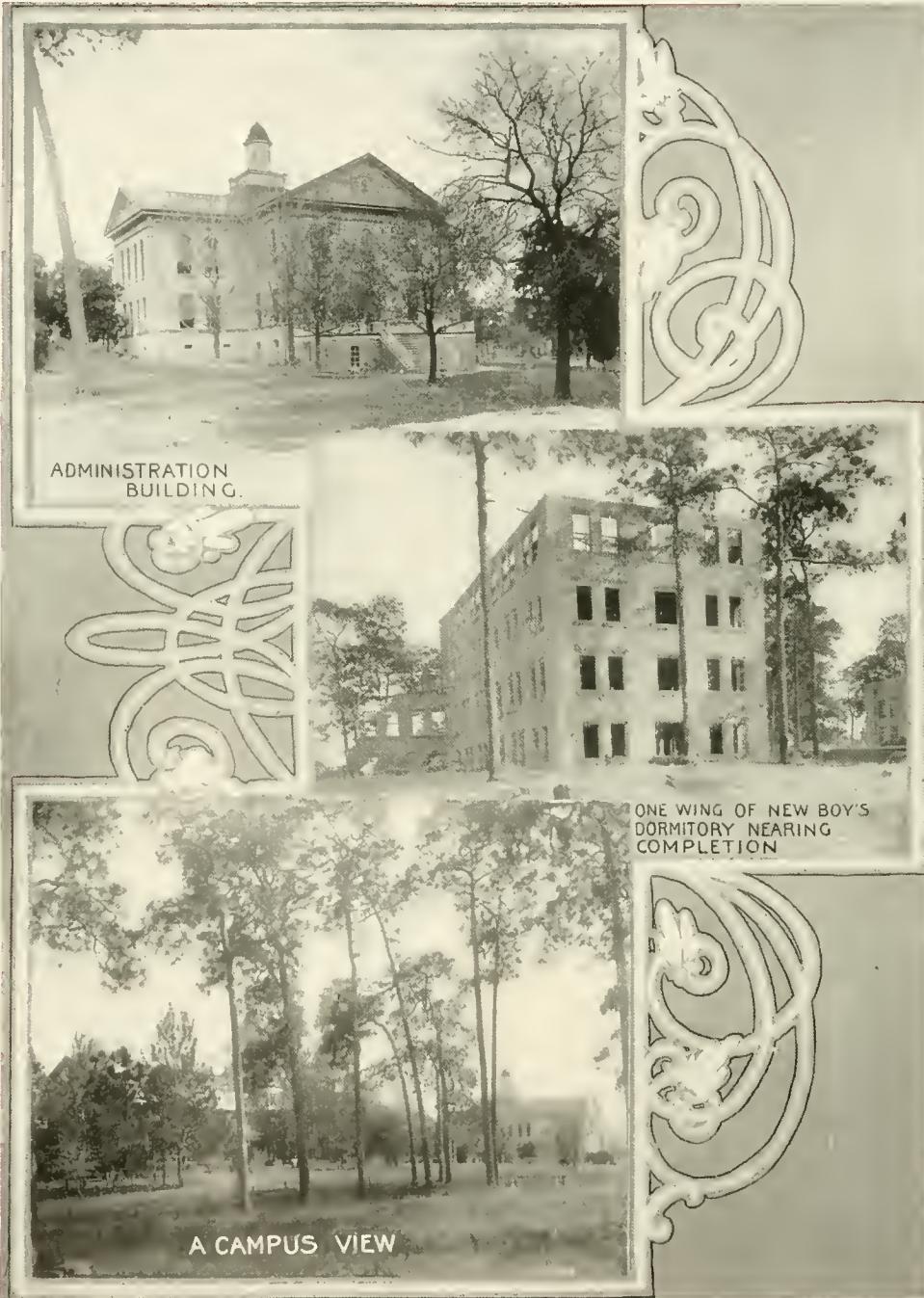
KODAK CLUB.

From left to right: Ouida Mallory, Mary Will Black, Lelia Duke, Mary Conrad, Juanita Pipkin, Maud Sever, Frances Clark, Mary A. Griffith, Lillian Shipp, Flossie Pipkin, Lulu (cirer).













BEFORE

SOUTHERN



AFTER

## The Maid of the Mountains

Miss "Billie" Corby was a student of Music and Foreign Travels, but they did not cause her much worry. In fact nothing did, unless it was an occasional illness which prevented her from playing basket-ball or taking a morning ride upon her Mexican pony.

Her family name, Corby, was little known among her acquaintances; so she never used it anywhere except at the post-office. Little Miss Bill she was called, and Little Miss Bill she was. And if some would speak that could, they would tell you that the word "Little" was the biggest word in the English language.—when it referred to her.

Little Miss Bill was impetuous, Little Miss Bill was pretty, and further, Little Miss Bill was a girl who always had her own way about things, and no one disputed her right, either; but if one did—but that would be another story. Most people found out that her ways were their ways. That is the reason every one liked her, for they thought as she thought without knowing that she made them do so.

However, at the present time Little Miss Bill is in the gym struggling with a basket-ball.

"I'll bet my chafing dish that you go in the basket this time," she said with a look at the ball which made it tremble in her hands.

"Now, go in, I say!" she said, stooping low and making a straight shoot for the basket.

In answer to her command, the ball struck the side of the basket, wavered a few seconds at the top, and then obediently crept through the netting into her eager, waiting hands below.

"Here you go, Florence," she called, giving the ball a quick under-hand swing to the nearest player,—too quick for the receiver, for it struck her on the head, spilling a few combs from her hair and a few exclamations from her mouth. The former were gracefully restored to her hair, and the latter permeated throughout the gym.

"O, let's quit practicing," said Little Bill.

"And discuss dresses," suggested Florence.

"O, I'd rather talk about the teachers," chimed Kitty Williams, the basketball team's center.

"We'll do nothing of the kind," said Little Miss Bill, with an air of finality: "we will discuss boys, those White and Blue Boys. Since we are called 'The Maids of the Mountains,' why not call them 'The Lads of the Blue Ridge'?"

"Agreed!" exclaimed all the girls in a chorus.

"First! First!" cried Florence. "Let me talk first."

"Well, talk on, Miss Polly Parrot," said Little Miss Bill, with a wave of her hand.

"Why—why, I've forgotten—O, yes! It's about that new student up there, Victor Bruce is his name. Clarence, my brother, you know, was telling me about him. He—"

"Sure it wasn't Johnny Clarke telling you?" interrupted one of the girls.

"No, it wasn't, either," rejoined Florence, blushing furiously. "Or it may have been, too," she added, with a defiant toss of her blond head.

"Anyhow, go on," urged Kitty.

"Anyhow," continued Florence, "he told me that this Victor Bruce was the sensation of the season,—big, handsome, and rich. All the girls over there are

crazy about him, but he merely plays with them. He is very peculiar, never agreeing with anything a girl says to him and casting her off if she agrees too enthusiastically with him. Something like Little Bill here, I suppose. He's dashing, jolly, a great athlete, and nearly lives on a horse, they say. Some more of your Western traits, eh—Little Bill?" said Florence, gently pinching Little Bill under the chin.

"Yes, but go on, Florence: I'm actually interested," chirped Little Bill.

"Well," replied Florence, resignedly; "that's about all there is to it. What he needs is a girl of the same type to conquer him, and that girl is you, Little Bill! What do you say?"

"Fine!" shouted Little Bill, ecstatically snapping her fingers; "I will do it!"

"How perfectly grand," voiced all the girls, thinking that a romance would be unearthed.

"Now, how can we manage it?" asked Little Bill eagerly.

"Very easy," said Florence, in a matter-of-fact tone. "It is his custom to take early morning rides, and he always goes over the same road—the one leading here. In fact he came all the way over here one morning, but did not come up around the Seminary. Now, listen, Little Bill, all you have to do is to ride out on the Mountain road instead of your usual path, and you will probably meet him. We can offer you no suggestions after you meet him, for you are an adept in controlling situations,—and causing them, too."

"I tremble for the result when these two like forces come in conflict," interpolated Kitty Williams, as she rose to her feet, preparatory to leaving.

"Never worry," replied Little Bill, tossing her head with security, "I'd like to see him manage me!"

"Same here, if you look at him like that," said Florence wisely.

Making a low bow, followed by a sweep of her arms over her head, to her interested classmates, Little Bill exclaimed: "Mes Amies, a Maid of the Mountains salutes you and begs to inform you that to-morrow she will ride forth to meet and conquer,—a Lad of the Blue Ridge!"

## PART TWO.

The morning was bright and clear, ushering in the summer breezes. Little Miss Bill had been galloping for perhaps an hour without seeing any signs of the enemy.

"I am over half way now," she murmured, "and I will go no further. It must be too early for the Lad of the Blue Ridge."

She slowly turned her pony towards the Seminary, letting him choose his own gait, a canter. Little Bill was occupied with visions, dreams and scenes by the wayside.

"I wonder what I will do when I meet him?" she mused, then smiled knowingly. Evidently she had a plan.

Suddenly she looked ahead of her, for the sound of hoofs came to her ears. A rider was approaching. Little Bill's face shone with the hope of battle.

"That surely is he," said she quietly. "He must have taken another route or passed me in town."

She immediately spurred her pony forward to a run, allowing the rein to dangle about her neck. Little Bill's face took on a frightened expression, and when she had dashed near enough to hail the enemy, she cried with terror:

"Save me! Stop the pony! Save me!"

But she was onto him before he realized her presence, and like lightning had shot past, leaving to him the memory of a most beautiful, terror-ridden face, and a cloud of dust.

Instantly he turned his steed, urging him to do his utmost, and the pursuit was on in earnest. A mile was covered and still he did not gain; so Victor Bruce, lately of the West, was cursing the Eastern mounts and wishing for his own little charger, now grazing in Oklahoma, when he noticed that the girl's pony was slowing down. Faster, faster, he urged his steed. They were now in sight of the town and the Seminary could be seen in the distance.

Steadily the would-be hero gained until he was within a few yards of the poor girl,—when the "poor" girl cleverly caught the dangling rein, spurred the pony into faster action, and—what! Yes, she was laughingly and haughtily waving at the would-be hero,—but her enemy,—a tiny lace handkerchief!

Victor Bruce stopped and swore, then turned toward home; Little Bill waved and smiled, then galloped in to an early breakfast.

The enemies were now at war, and the first battle had been fought. Elaborate plans were made that day and night by both principals. Little Bill held a council of war with her friends, who—after the first scrimmage—were eager for the outcome. Victor Bruce did not enjoy the advice of a council, for he was afraid to acknowledge his defeat on account of the tauntings of his chums. Anyhow, he had decided to ride again into the territory of the enemy, and—well, he'd wait until he had met her first. Little Bill had also told her council that she would take the same road that she had on the previous morning.

So each was anxious to know what the other would do, for it was realized that they were enemies of strength, of resource. Galloping leisurely along, neither was surprised to notice the approach of the other. Simultaneously the two mounts came to a walk, and as they came opposite, Victor Bruce drew in his rein, snatched off his cap, smiled, and with a bow so profuse that it reeked with mockery, exclaimed:

"I bring you the glories of the morn. The sun's light, the waving of the flowers, the flow of yonder rivulet stop in their course to welcome and pay their homage to you. Accept them from my hands, O glorious maid!"

"I beg your pardon, sir. Do you intend to insult a girl, alone and unprotected?" calmly asked Little Bill, with cheeks aflame.

"Not at all. Pardon, Mademoiselle. Would I insult an angel? Certainly not. Then, how could I insult you? On the contrary, O glorious maid, I offer you my life for your protection. Why—"

But Little Bill interrupted him with a gesture of impatience and disgust.

"I accept your life, Monsieur Apollo, and I command that you take it out of my sight. 'Yonder flowing rivulet' and 'waving flower' are jealous of your presence."

"You mock me, fair maid."

"Impossible: I honor your majesty," said Little Bill, striking her little foot with her riding crop.

"Tell me why you treated me so after I tried to aid you yesterday," said Victor, trying to change the subject.

"I do not understand you, sir," easily lied Little Bill.

"What! You don't pretend not to remember about a runaway; you don't,—" and here, with many gestures, he related the entire escapade of yesterday.

"You are mistaken; I know nothing whatever about this affair," still maintained Little Bill, with a straight face.

"So, then, you mean to tell me that I was dreaming?" he laughed affably.

"Yes, you were dreaming," affirmed Little Bill.

"Dreaming of you, then; only of you," smiled Victor, as he fumbled in his pocket.

"Well, sir, what have you there?" demanded Little Bill.

"I was just wondering about that peculiar dream I had. So realistic, you know," Victor smiled reassuringly. "The maid of whom I dreamed dropped this brooch. How beautiful! Don't you think so?" and he passed it to Little Bill.

She held it before her, squinting at it from below half-closed eyelids.

"I dreamed that I lost one like this," she said; "isn't it funny?"

"Not at all," disagreed Victor.

"I say it is!" shouted Little Bill.

"Are you not mistaken?"

"Not at all; I know it is," maintained Little Bill.

"What is it you know?" teased Victor.

"That you are from the West, your name Victor Bruce, rich, handsome, firm, a student, and a crank on the subject of demonstrative replies from women. You disagree with every one except yourself and—"

"You," supplied Victor.

Little Bill was breathless, but still she flared: "O, I know you."

"You do me a great honor," earnestly said Victor. "I—I—"

"I what?" demanded Little Bill.

"I like you," unhesitatingly said Victor.

"I wonder whether that is an honor or an in—"

"Don't say it, Miss Billy Corbyn, or rather Little Bill, star of Texas, famous wit, beauty, singer,—et cetera,—or you might regret it sometime," laughed Victor.

"How?"

"How did I know your pedigree? Do you want an interchange of confidences?"

"Answer my question first," said Little Bill.

"And will you promise—"

"I will promise you nothing," said Little Bill, gazing out over the mountains.

Victor Bruce was puzzled. Here was a girl who would not let him have his own way. He had been warned against her by a friend from the West, who had told him of her characteristics—her attractiveness and her haughtiness. His experiences with her had taught him—and convinced him—that the half had not been told.

"Little Miss Bill," he pleaded, "will you—"

"Will I what, Mr. Victor Bruce?"

"O, I think you're great," he at last jerked out.

"And I think you execrable," she flaunted.

"I adore you," began Victor.

"I detest you," returned Little Bill. "Don't I, Dixie?" she said, interweaving her long white fingers in the pony's black mane.

Victor watched her carefully. A smile played about the corners of her mouth. Victor envied it, its proximity to—to, but listen, Little Bill is speaking:

"Good old Dixie! Did you speak, honest sir?"—to Victor.

"What's the use. I actually believe that you read my thoughts."

"Keep still, then, and I will reveal your mind. How did she know me, you wonder. Who has not heard of the prowess of Victor Bruce? He has regal powers over every woman he meets. O, he's a wonder!" teased Little Bill, watching carefully every agitated move and expression of Victor's.

"Go on!" he cried with flushed face; "I deserve it all, every word. But thank God that there is one woman who is fearless and strong enough to tell me of it."

"What do you say now?"

"That I adore you," Victor responded with quickness and earnestness.

"And I despise him, don't I, Dixie? Good old Dixie; I do love you."

Victor was watching Little Bill closely, every move she made, every flutter of her hair in the breeze. She was patting and stroking Dixie, with affection beaming in her eyes. Again her lips were twitched in a smile, her eyes sparkled with amusement as she reached forward and tenderly grasped Dixie's forelock and swung her head around. Dixie looked up and whimpered in response to her mistress' touch of tenderness.

"We do hate him now, don't we, Dixie,—dear?"

And she deliberately winked at Dixie as she said this.

Victor Bruce gave a start. His face assumed a new expression,—one of joy, satisfaction, of hope. The mounts were side by side. Slowly Victor shook his head in hesitation, then throwing discretion to the winds, he quickly leaned over and laid his hand gently on the arm of Little Bill.

"Little Bill," he murmured; "Little Bill!"

"What do you mean, sir?" she flashed indignantly, withdrawing her arm; but her pony, impelled by the neighborly whinny of Victor's mount, took a step in his direction,—and Little Bill did not attempt to check her!

For several minutes Little Bill and Victor Bruce eyed each other,—the one with assumed scorn, the other with—with—what shall I say? Love? No: adoration!

Then Little Bill laughed, Victor stared and the horses neighed friendly, creeping closer together. Victor at last broke the silence:

"Well, Little Bill—"

"Well, 'Little Lad of the Blue Ridge?'" mimicked Little Bill.

"The breezes are blowing, everywhere nature is manifested by her infinite beauties and mysteries: all are singing of you."

"And are you a part of nature?" Little Bill asked mischievously.

"Yes."

"Then join in the singing," she said with a smile.

"My song is, 'I love you,' I—"

"What funny words!"

"All,—everything, sings of my love for you!" he cried eagerly.

"Why, I'm not singing."

"No, but you will, Little Bill, won't you?"

"You love me, you say, Vic—Victor?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes; I—"

"Hold on," Little Bill interrupted; "will you learn to agree affably with me, with my peculiar ways, you think?"

"I worship you, and your ways are my ways," he said humbly; "I will do your bidding."

"You acknowledge, then—"

"I acknowledge that you are the first person in the world who made me do things I did not want to do, if that's what you want."

"What were you going to ask me?" said Little Bill, naively.

"Ask you? Why—let me—see," he murmured.

"How soon you have forgotten!" she exclaimed, throwing back her head and laughing at his discomfiture.

"You, you don't mean, Little Bill, you don't mean that you—I—, O, say!" and here his face was a puzzle, alternating with smiles and clouds.

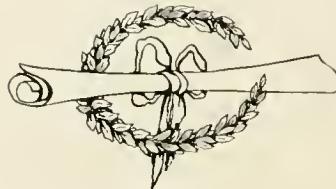
Little Bill smiled reassuringly into his face. She tendered him a look of trust, of admiration, of—

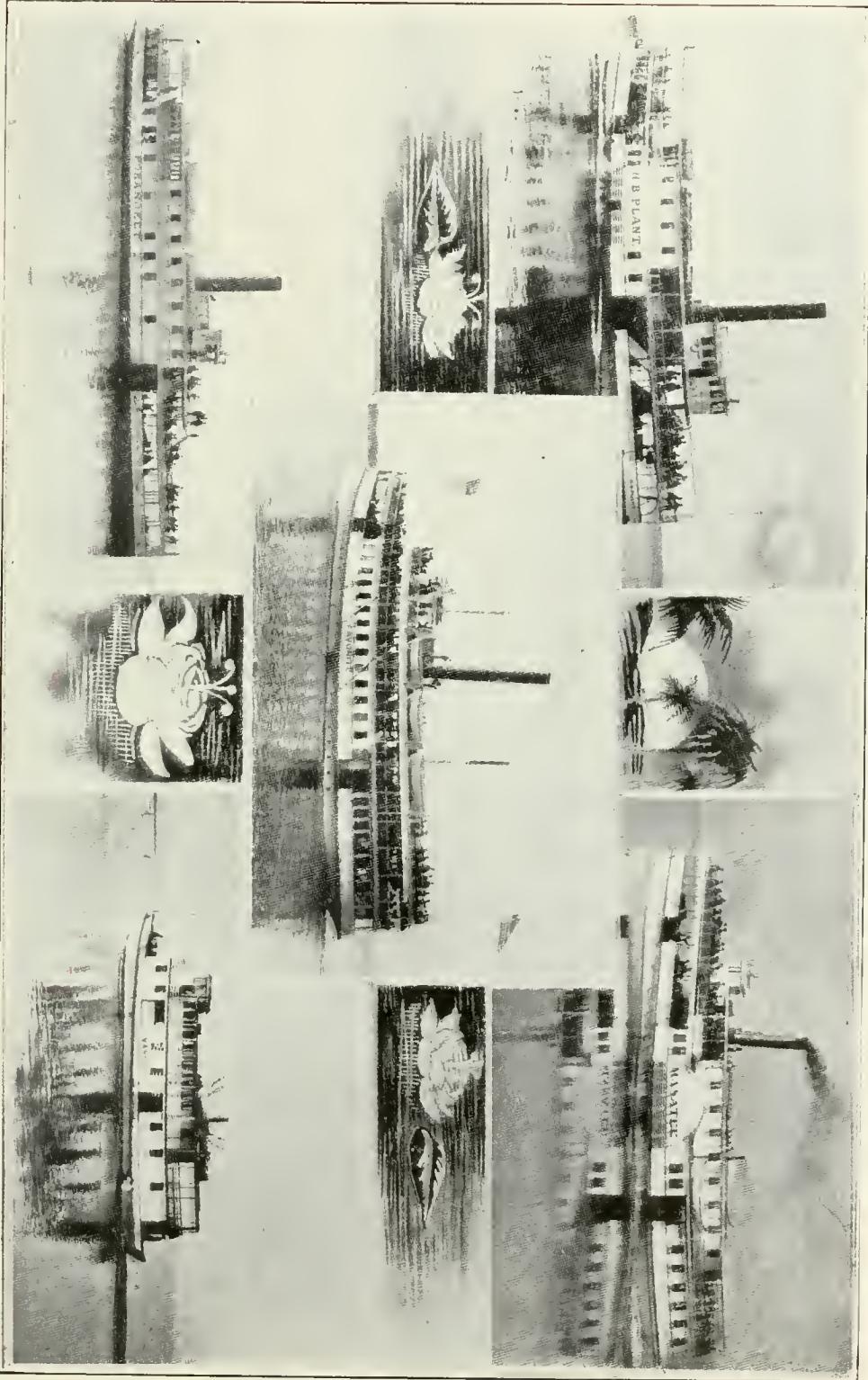
Victor flushed, and understood,—in his smile he acknowledged that he was conquered. Quickly his two strong arms were extended in entreaty.

"Dear Little Bill," he pleaded; "Dear Little Bill!"

She made no answer. Quietness reigned—but not supreme—for she laid her small, white hand in his outstretched palm, and looked into his eyes with mutual understanding. Neither spoke a word to break the solemn stillness. Slowly the mounts were turned, and the Lad of the Blue Ridge and the Maid of the Mountains rode hand in hand toward the Holy Land of Happiness.

"OTHELLO."





THE FAVORITE LINE STEAMERS.

## The Class of 1911

Response to a toast by the class president, Mr. J. B. Griffith, at the Alumni banquet:

You will excuse my egotism, I hope, if egotism it is, when I say that the newly fledged members of the Alumni Association, the infants of 1911, form a class second to none that has ever gone out from the halls of old Southern. Yet, fearing that that expression of blissful ignorance which Dr. Moore so quickly discovered upon our faces may mislead you, I will endeavor to give a short, impressive and interesting sketch of our class.

We did not all enter Southern at one time. No, we came by ones and twos, always being careful to give the professors time to recover one shock before introducing more raw material. So you see, that as a class, we have been educated on the installment plan.

It was about the time that Ponce de Leon was searching for The Fountain of Youth that the patriarch of our class, Mr. Evans, entered. In justice to Mr. Evans, however, I wish to say that he did not spend all this time in pursuing his college course, but part was consumed in going through the horrors of the Academy. The next near, to cheer his lonesomeness, our charming elocutionist, Miss Fussell, entered. They say that now-a-days she is at her best in giving recitals by the moonlight to an audience of one. Be that as it may, upon her left hand is a diamond ring given her by her—brother.

The next year, Southern's star mathematician, Patterson, mapped out his course from the red hills of Leon to the college town of Hillsborough. About the same time, sweet, plaintive notes fell upon the pine-scented air of Sutherland, and Miss Sellers, our musician, joined us. The Faculty was noticeably quieter after she entered. 'Tis said that music hath power to soothe the savage beast.

In the fall of 1908 Jobson and I entered, green, ardent, perspiring. "Enough!" cried the Faculty. But every sorrow has its corresponding joy, and in 1909 Miss Plunkett, sweet girl graduate of St. Petersburg, joined us, and startled even the stoics by her brilliancy.

And now I have told you of the class of 1911. Yes, we are proud of her. Among the fair sex of the class you will find the leading scholar of the college, the leading elocutionist, and the leading musician. Among the boys, we find the leading mathematician, the leader in Christian work, the leader in the realms of Cupid, while the fourth is pursuing a course that leads no one knows where.

Last, but not least, our class holds seven gold medals, a most remarkable fact. But enough of self-praise. We are glad to join you this evening. We will enjoy the change of diet.

For long weary months we've dined on mathematics,  
We have drunk the cup of Greek;  
The Doctor gave us sermons.  
We took them by the week.  
We've slept on beds of English.  
Rode ponies on the sly,  
And now the time has come  
When to these we say good-bye.

The year is done,  
The fight is won,  
Ho, Seniors, Ho!  
Now eat in glee,  
For you are free,  
Go, Seniors, go!

# Jokes and Near Jokes



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## Jokes and Near Jokes

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Prof. Platt: "Mr. Lawler, is oxygen a solid, liquid, or gas?"  
Wint: "A solid liquid."

"Mr. Timberlake, theoretically speaking, what is a vacuum?"  
Timberlake: "I have it in my head, sir, but I can't quite make myself clear."

The Special Student: "I'm so glad that I don't take no literary work, for if I done that I wouldn't have no time for nothing else. I intend to be accomplished. I don't take nothing but piano and voice."

WANTED—A new method by which one may see through closed doors.  
Apply to Ried & Kensingert.

To the one filling out the following blanks will be given a free trip to Seaside. Don't fail to enter the contest—it is the opportunity of your young lives:

"Tell me not in mournful \_\_\_\_\_  
Life is but an empty \_\_\_\_\_  
And the soul is dead that \_\_\_\_\_  
And things are not what they \_\_\_\_\_"

N. B.—The only thing expected of the winner is that he pay his hotel bill and railroad fare. We do the rest.

Prof. McMullen: "Sometimes I can grade a pupil without asking a question."

Flossie: "How intelligent expression?"

Prof. Mc.: "Well, no; not exactly in your case, Miss Pipkin."

LOST—By the annual board: One perfectly good mind. Please return before using.

Nita, pouring tea: "Do you like tea?"

Orion, in soft undertone: "Yes, but I like the next letter better."

Visitor to library: "Have you Schopenhauer?"

Mountain (hoarsely): "No, only a bad cold."

Senior: "I'm going to the store to get a 'Hamlet'."

Freshman: "What is a hamlet—a little ham?"

Stephens: "Why did you give me this part in the play, Miss Bower?"

Miss Bower: "Well, he's nothing but a great windbag, and I thought that you could play that part to perfection."

Extract from an essay: "Hamlet was of a somewhat feminine disposition, but, nevertheless, he was thoroughly upright and honest."

Wint rushed into class ten minutes late. "You are late, Mr. Lawler," said the teacher.

"Yes, sir."

"But you promised not to be late again this term."

"Yes, sir."

"And I told you I would have to report you, if you were, didn't I?"

"Yes; but as I didn't keep my promise, I'll not hold you to yours."

Piggy, translating Cesar: "Haec in Galliam importamus." "I like into Gaul—it's important."

Prof. Platt: "How does carbon occur?"

Wagner: "Free, and in the human body."

Prof. Platt: "What are you, a lump of coal or a diamond in the rough?"

My mother-in-law is dead,  
And for her my heart does yearn;  
She's with the angels now—  
She was too tough to burn.

Ruth Baugh: "I don't see the difference between 'to love' and 'being loved'."

John Bracco: "Well, you see, 'to love' is a passive state, but when you are being loved—ah, there's something doing."

Science teacher: "Miss Bishop, what makes a kettle sing?"

Mabel: "When the little microbes in the hot water hit the cold air, their teeth chatter."

"You know," Evelyn said, "I'm worried silly. We have a huge rat in our room and he must be caught, for they say that rats carry the Plutonic plague."

Once more it is demonstrated that a freshman is one who knows not and knows not that he knows not.

Prof. Wagner: "We want to be just like a big family, free and easy."

Fussell: "All right, Papa; give me a dollar."

LOST—By Henry Funk, one pony of extra fine pedigree, warranted to outstrip any other in its class.

Miss Brittle, translating Vergil: "Dulce tuum caput; is that 'Your sweet face,' Mr. Bracco?"

Bracco, blushingly: "Yes."

Miss Griffith: "Mr. Wicker, give the principal parts of 'possum'."

Wicker: "Head, legs and tail."

"Smith, what do you think of the woman suffrage movement?"  
Smith: "Every little movement has a meaning of its own."

Edge reading Vergil: "Do you know, I've read the first fifteen lines of this stuff, but I just can't make it rhyme."

A Southern "misere," to be read with due feeling and expression:

Ah!! I've sighed to rest me;  
Sighed, though alas, in vain,  
For the teachers planned to test me,  
And now I've flunked again.

Act 1—Fresh: "Comedy of Errors."  
Act 2—Soph: "Much Ado about Nothing."  
Act 3—Junior: "As You Like It."  
Act 4—Senior: "All's Well that Ends Well."

"Where are ya going, my pretty maid?"  
"I'm going to Physics, sir," she said.  
"What is the lesson, my pretty maid?"  
"I haven't a notion, sir," she said.  
"How are you passing, my pretty maid?"  
"From 90 to 95," she said.  
"How do you bluff him, my pretty maid?"  
"Oh, Jimmy's easy—dead easy," she sweetly said.

When exams are nigh, she's sure to sigh  
About the wasted days;  
Then cram and cram for the exam,  
But finds it never pays.

WANTED—By Dr. Hilburn, a nurse and policeman for the Freshman class.

Wicker's anthem: As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be,  
I'm hungry, hungry, hungry.

Dr. Russell: "We'll take the life of Tennyson to-morrow; come prepared."

Teacher: "What is a monastery?"  
Verdant Freshie: "A monkey house."

Daniel: "I want a copy of Hudson's Macbeth."  
Clerk: "I'm sorry, but the only Macbeth we have was written by William Shakespeare."

Ruth to biology instructor (seeing some long-tailed lambs among the short-tailed sheep): "O, do the little lambs absorb their tails when they become sheep, like the tadpoles do when they turn to frogs?"

Daniel (in English): "Dr. Russell, there's one thing I learned in this lesson, that—"

Dr. Russell: "Wonderful."

Edge (reading composition): "But the blind man gave a shout of joy when he saw the diamond—"

Miss Ried: "How can a blind man see a diamond?"

Edge: "Well, he wasn't stone blind."

English teacher: "Class, this is a particularly good plot for a story of this particular kind—'When the pen and ink were married, the glue said, 'stick together through thick and thin'—"

Billy, interrupting: "And the pen said, 'See the point'?"

In the shade of the tree they sat;  
He held her hand, she held his hat;  
I held my breath and lay quite flat.  
He held that kissing was no crime,  
She held her lips up every time;  
I held my breath and made this rhyme.

WANTED—By Kensinger an opportunity to tell all I know and enlighten this dark old world.

#### DOMESTIC vs. SCIENTIFIC.

The professor of Physics was apologizing to the class for the failure of an electrical experiment which he had attempted without previous preparation. "This coil needs a—"

"Dust cloth," interrupted Miss Mann, with a glance at the professor's face and hands soiled in consequence of handling the dust-covered apparatus.

Mr. John J. Bracco is recovering rapidly from his latest accident—he was struck by a thought.

FOUND—A cigarette stump. Owner will please call at the office and identify.

#### CAN YOU IMAGINE

Wint never bumming tobacco?  
Harris at classes twice in the same week?  
Platt with his pants pressed?  
Bracco comprehending an explanation?  
Carpenter getting stung?  
"Sister" in a hurry?  
Kensinger failing to report boys for being out of line?  
Prof. Guy making a noise like a street car and moving along?  
Ray Howland cutting classes?  
Prof. Sanford losing his New York brogue?  
Room 103 getting noisy?  
J. P. getting 75 per cent. in care of room?  
Joyce Mann studying?  
Gwendolyn stealing a social in the library?  
Miss Bower getting to train on time?  
Any girls pulling taffy after light bell?  
Wicker playing hands?





## Sutherland

Our work would not be complete were we to say nothing about the city and the region in which our beloved college is situated. Our interest centers naturally, on the institution of learning; but we must not overlook the surroundings which make the institution possible. At the same time we feel that those whose sons and daughters are enrolled in S. C. Ranks should know more of their environment. To these ends, therefore, is the point of this article directed; to these ends, also, are illustrations of points of interest about the city furnished.

Sutherland was laid out in 1887 by the "Sutherland Land and Improvement Co." of Omaha and Lincoln, Neb., and about one thousand acres of finest, high, pine, orange land in Florida is embraced in its town site. It is about five miles from Tarpon Springs, where are the richest sponge fisheries in the world, and about twenty-five miles from Tampa. It is situated on a high pine ridge on the Gulf Coast of Florida, and is from its location free from the searching and exasperating "northerns." Neither swamps nor low, marshy land can be found within its borders, consequently malaria is unknown. So beautiful is the location that Sutherland has justly been styled the "Peerless Princess of the Gulf." This stately pine forest without underbrush, reminds one of an old English park; and the land, from the margin of the Gulf rises gradually for a mile or more from the water, reaching an elevation of about eighty feet, and retaining this altitude to the shores of Lake Butler, some four miles further east.

The present population of Sutherland is small, nor is it likely to become a large city, on account of its proximity to Tampa. This, however is rather an advantage for a college student for there are not so many diversions to draw his attention from his studies.

Picturesque Sutherland, nestling in the shady pines, in view of the placid waters of the Gulf and in the center of a rich orange belt can boast of, besides the college with its many buildings, a few good stores, pretty dwellings, post office, express and telegraph offices which furnish conveniences for her residents and students.

It is a place where summer recreations run through the winter, where roses bloom in December, January and February, and one may hear the daily song of the mocking bird. So healthfully located is Sutherland that students who are unable to attend school in the North during the winter months find it possible to pursue their studies here regularly and constantly improve in health.

The religious influences the town casts about the student are most beneficial, her motto being "For God and Truth."

The teachers of the college are Christian men and women and every effort is made to promote a healthy moral and spiritual life among the students. Attendance upon the divine service on the Sabbath is required of all students, and all may find a church home.

One of the special features of Sutherland is the purity and sweetness of its atmosphere, both social and moral.

Taken altogether, Sutherland presents many, many advantages to the student, many safeguards for the parent and in fact is an ideal location for an institution of learning.

## Who's Who?

Hardest Student .....	Harris
Most Popular Student.....	The one with a box from home
Handsomest Fellow.....	See for yourself in this Annual
Greatest Ladies' Man.....	Bracco
Most Popular Professor .....	Kensinger
Most Popular Lady Teacher.....	Miss Reid
Handsomest Professor .....	Dr. Russell
Easiest Professor .....	Platt
Laziest Student .....	Joyce Mann(?)
Best All-round Athlete .....	Smith
Student Most in Love.....	Feaster
Student Next to Most in Love.....	Fletcher
Wittiest Student .....	Read The Alligator
Most Conceited Student.....	The one who gets 99 in Physics
Most Selfish Student .....	All of us—at times
Most Regular Student.....	What's the matter with Thrower
The Tallest Student.....	Lelia Duke
The Shortest Student.....	Francis Wagner
Greatest Kicker .....	Nora Morgan
Most Original Liar .....	Flossie Pipkin
Biggest Bonehead .....	Howland
Most Sarcastic Student .....	Mary Will Black
Most Fickle Student.....	Juanita Pipkin
Biggest Crank .....	Oz Fe.
Ugliest Student .....	Mickler
Prettiest Girl .....	Mary Conrad
Biggest Tight Wad .....	L. R. G.
Biggest Hot-air Artist .....	Billy Knight
Brainiest .....	Senior Class
And Treats Without Money.....	? ? ?
Greatest Pessimist .....	Mountain
Biggest Dude .....	Mills
Most Excellent Horseman .....	Inquire about Funk's Pony
Finest Musician .....	Lelia Cecil
Least Talker .....	Edna Fussell
Most Reserved Student .....	Miss Cox
Most Sensitive Student .....	Lawler
Best Tin-horn Sport .....	Merrick Wagner
Teacher Most in Love.....	Miss Griffith
Most Loved Professor.....	McMullen
Most Conscientious .....	Mizelle Platt
Most Intelligent .....	Sophomores(?)
Fattest Student .....	Bartlett
Leanest Student .....	Bessinger
Greatest Spendthrift .....	Guy
Dates and More Dates .....	Carpenter
Gets Sick When He has a Date.....	Bryce
Most Humble .....	Jordon
Most Dignified .....	Corbett
Most Bashful .....	Conrad
Always at Ease .....	"Mutt" Howell
Most Noted Trotter and Tattler.....	Miss Dietz
Sweetest Dispositioned Young Lady.....	Bessie Cecil
Sweet Peace the Gift of Doc's Love.	



JUNIOR RECEPTION.

## Freshman Proverbs

**S**it quietly, look wise, and don't ask questions.

**O**ccasional holidays refresh the tired spirit.

**U**ndertake not a French phrase unless thou art sure of it; remember that each Professor speaks at least nine tongues.

**T**here's many a slip 'twixt the start and the finish.

**H**ave not aspirations to "kid" the Seniors.

**E**xalt not thy reports, for thou knowest not what future exams, may bring.

**R**eading Latin on way to class betokens a scant use of the midnight oil.

**N**ervous answers stir up doubt in the hearts of our instructors, but a bold front and rapid utterance cover up all short comings.

**C**uss not your Science teacher.

**O**ffer no resistance to hazing.

**L**ove not the learned Sophomores.

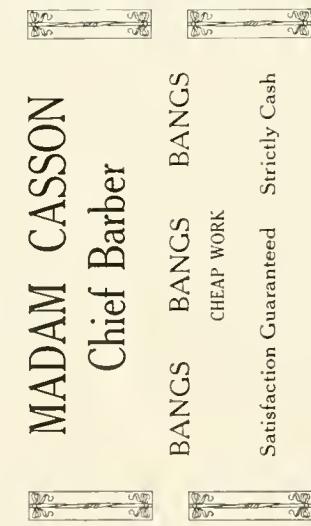
**L**et the preachers steal the oranges.

**E**at not stolen fruit.

**G**et 100 in deportment, Latin translations, physics keys.

**E**very "Freshie" longeth for the four years to be over; but every Senior de-sireth their return.

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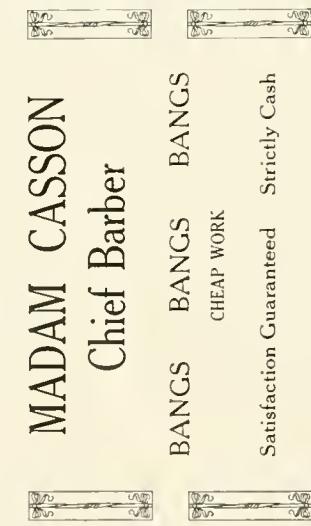
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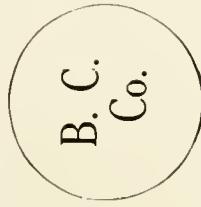
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## College Alphabet

- A** is Alvin, a sport of note,  
As a No. 1 "cutter" we'll give him the vote.
- B** is for Braebo, who is a lady lover,  
If he is "bashful" it's yet to discover.
- C** is for Carpenter—poor old man  
He takes his stings the best he can.
- D** is for Daniels, who works with vim,  
As a debator none equals him.
- E** is for Edge our good Athlete,  
Ask Miss Young if her Day's sweet.
- F** is for Fountain—invaluable man,  
Who gives to Campbell what time he can.
- G** is for good fellows of Southern Hall,  
Never steal oranges—never at all.
- H** is for Howell, our "college hope".  
Let him alone he knows the rope.
- I** is for "IT" the Sophs this year,  
Their heads need iron bands we fear.
- J** is for James who sits by Miss Reid,  
Sixty biscuits are but half a feed.
- K** is for Knight, dignified, solemn,  
Stands as erect as a Corinthian column.
- L** is for "Love", Fletcher's got it,  
Nora's the victim, another's not it.
- M** is for "Mike" our grand old man,  
Dotes on Mary, he'll get her if he can.
- N** is for nobody—ego effaced,  
Nobody's somebody who is misplaced.
- O** is for Orion, a man'kin in specs;  
When he begins practicing, there'll sure be wrecks.

- P** is for Pennington, Johnny on the spot,  
Whenever there's a social and no demerits for Dot.
- Q** is for teachers ever querulous,  
The ones who always like to lecture us.
- R** is for Ray. It is whispered around,  
That a great many "flunks" to his credit are found.
- S** is for Sellars who works with a vim,  
Not one "cheat" gets credit from him.
- T** is for Timberlake—invaluable man,  
Courts the school ma'am, fast as he can.
- U** is for Umpires, who will not be lacking,  
To give to our "hits" their reliable backing.
- V** is for "Van" whom the girls all love,  
You won't find a better wherever you rove.
- W** is for Wicker, the quickest we've seen a  
Lover of "Star Spangled Banana" and Bena.
- X** is for naught, when the Manual's not in  
Go to "Jiminy", make a fuss and a din.
- Y** is for you, the reader of "Alligator".  
Be merciful with the editor, please don't hate her.
- Z** is for zip—zip—zoom—zang.  
Sheepskins for the Seniors, conceited gang.



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# The Southern Daily News

Vol. XLIII.

SUTHERLAND, FLORIDA

No. 937.

The funeral services of a number of social privileges were held by the Faculty, Friday, Mar. 13.

Mrs. Conrad entertained the girls in E. L. S. Hall recently.

Rev. J. H. Daniels will conduct his regular services at Seaside Sunday, at the usual hour.

Miss Flossie Pipkin is suing Miss Griffith for serious injuries inflicted upon her "pony." The animal was a thoroughbred and highly valued by the proud owner.

We regret that our popular delators, Misses Fussell and Baugh were beaten by inferiors in the recent Suffrage debate.

Captain Fletcher with Regiment A will conduct the S. A. services tonight on corner E. Main and 26th Sts.

We are glad to see so many normals coming in. Classes unusually large this year. Dr. Russell will assist Profs. McMullen and Platt with their classes.

Miss Juanita Pipkin's many friends will be glad to learn that since her return home, she is hopefully recovering from her recent attack of heart trouble, and may be able to join our ranks by Mar. 31, so her father writes.

Mr. O. O. Feaster who has been absent for some days is expected back by Mar. 31 to resume his study.

The Freshman class is now rejoicing over the fact that the Classification Committee of last fall did not allow them to take analytics, calculus, psychology, ethics, etc. For now their chief aim and ambition is

to advance to the dignified place of Sophomores, when they will be able to look down from their height on other green Freshmen.

## THREE YEARS IN JAIL.

We are indeed sorry that as a result of the recent charge brought by Mr. Blank against the following parties: Mr. Paul Silas Fletcher, Mr. Jeremiah Haggai Daniel, Mr. John Timothy Bracco, Mr. Samuel Judas Stephen, Mr. Habakkuk Obadiah Fountain, Mr. Ozephaniah Ezekiel Grits, and Rev. Absalom Deuteronomy Mills, for appropriating fruit they were declared guilty (in the first degree) by Seaside County court and were given three years' imprisonment.

## LICENSED TO WED.

Mr. Alvin Mills .....aged 23  
Miss Linda Smith .....aged 17

Mr. Merrick Wagner aged 47  
Miss Beth Blodgett ..aged 31

Mr. John Bracco ....Aged 15  
Miss Mary Allen Griffith. 14

Miss Edna Fussell...aged 29  
Mr. Winnifred Hartman.. 26

## SOCIETY NOTES.

The Inmates of Southern Hall will be at home to their many friends at all hours.

The following couples enjoyed a very delightful moonlight picnic in Pig Isle last evening. Those present were: Miss Lelia Duke, Mr. Conrad; Miss Linda Smith, Mr. Alvin Mills; Miss Mary Conrad, Mr. Mickler; Miss Dot Bates, Mr. Clyde Pennington; Miss Shipp, Mr. Dupont; Miss Canter, Mr. Howland, and Miss Roberta Casson. Mr. Milton Smith, Miss Bena Collins and Mr. Wicker chaperoned the party. All report a fine time.

The home of Mrs. Cecil was the scene of a very pretty social event last evening, March 25, at which the engagement of her daughter Alma to Mr. Red Walton was announced, much to the surprise of her many friends who were present. The decorations were very artistic, color scheme being red and green.

Miss Pauline Parker entertained a few of her friends at bridge last evening.

The Faculty was astounded at the last meeting when only twenty-nine "cuts" were reported on Ray Howland instead of the usual thirty.

## The Grand MASQUERADE BALL

WILL BE MAY 13th

Committee: Hilburn, Blodgett, Bower and Bartlett

## THE SOUTHERN DAILY NEWS

### FASHION NOTES.

Middy blouses will continue to be worn as dinner gowns. The Southern girl will welcome the coming vogue for trains. The peach basket hat as well as the newer straw-terry crate variety will be seen much this spring.

Dame Fashion says that again the sheath skirt will reign supreme.

Flowered plaids make serviceable evening dresses.

Cross-barred strips in dotted swisses will also be worn.

Chiffons and dainty Lingeries are replaced this season by Kaki cloth and the coarsely woven fabrics.

Combined effect of rope fringe and fur is in good taste for commencement dresses.

### QUERY.

Will some one recommend a good cold cream?—Miss Francis Clark.

Ans.—Try Baker's Strawerry; comes in cones.

Wanted a good complexion powder that will not injure the most delicate skin.—Mary Conrad.

Ans.—Try Dr. Logan's Sundown.

Will some one tell me the surest and safest way to catch a Carr?—Maud Sever.

Ans.—Miss Griffith can tell you.

Please devise a plan for a successful Burd trap.—F. P.

Ans.—Trap is unnecessary in your case.

### MADMOISELLE'S COIFFEURE.

Butterflies, Centipedes and miniature Crocodiles will be worn as hair ornaments.

Puffs are to be seen—in the old style books.

False coils and braids are now discarded for the new "bobbed" effect and "bangs."

The Psyche isn't bad.

### WANTED.

A Sheepskin just like the one Seniors are going to get.—A Freshie.

An Irish maid and two Experienced French cooks by Misses Shipp, Malloy and Cox.

Permission to receive callers in the Library.—Miss Canter.

A match.—Joyce Mann.

### LOST AND FOUND.

Lost—One perfectly good sweater, white, clean, new. Finder please return to Miss Reid.

Lost—A valuable knife. Liberal reward offered for its return.—John Bracco.

Found—One set of false bangs. Black.—Day Edge.

Found—By Miss Dietz, one couple playing hands.

Strayed—A herd of 32 Bologna Fidos. Fat. Finder will please notify the "College Butcher Co." at once.

Lost—An Appetite.—Miss Bower.

Found—"Jimmie" Platt, flirting with a girl in the depot.

What's the matter with the Juniors of 1912.

They're all right—The Seniors.

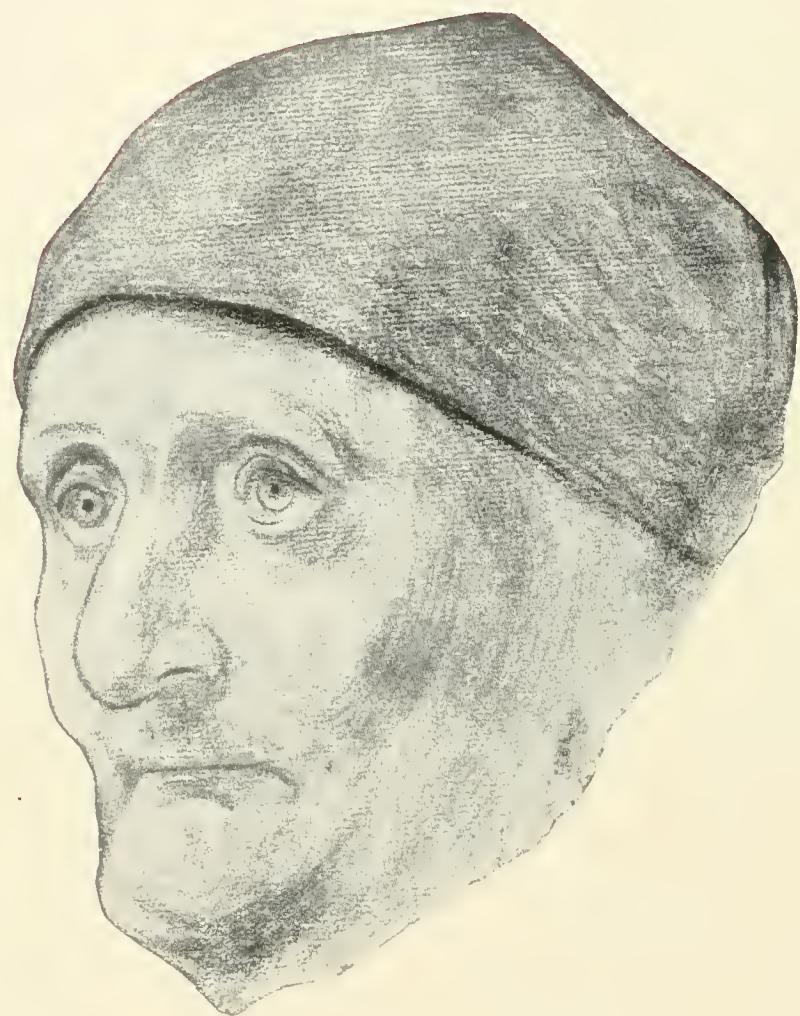
Lost in St. Petersburg—Senior Privileges. Finder please return to J. P. and L. G. and receive reward.

What will remove grease spot from white woolen garment without injury to the fabric?—Miss Reid.

Ans.—Miss Bess Cecil has charge of that department. Make inquiries of her. Enclose stamp.

Some one tell me how to make a man propose.—Nora Morgan.

Ans.—Ask Juanita.



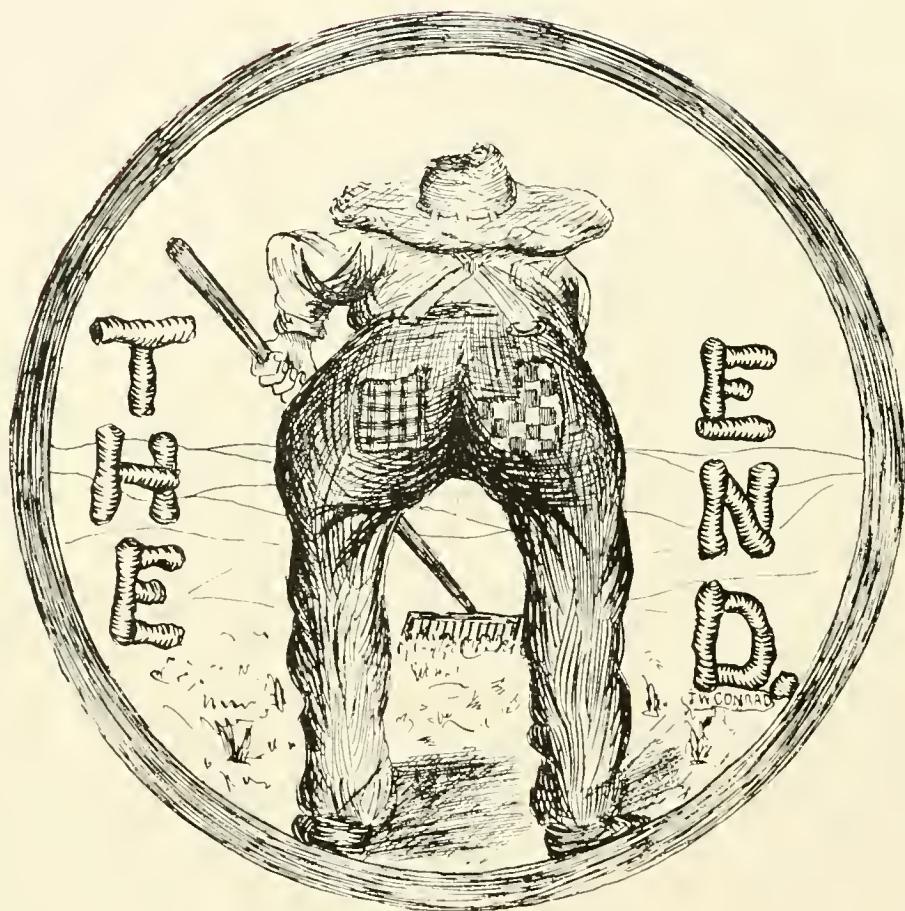
"WELL, THEY'RE YOUNG."

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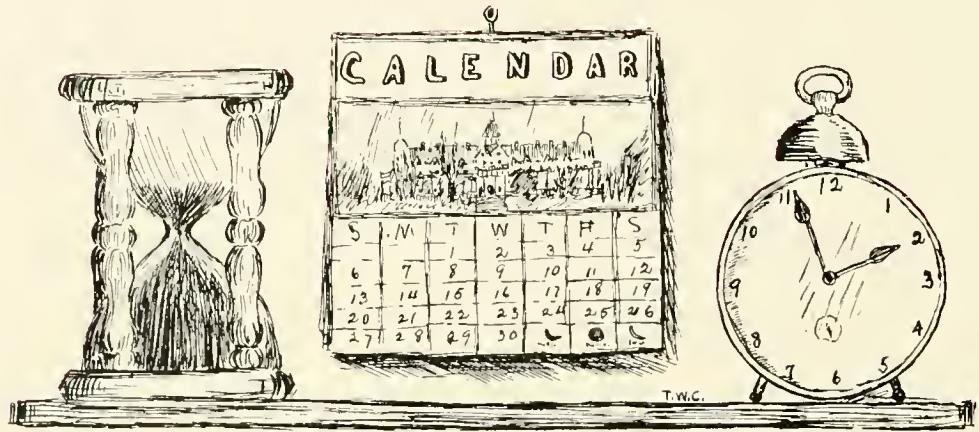
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## Calendar for 1911-1912

Fall Term Opens Tuesday, September 19.

Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, November 30.

Holiday Vacation Begins Friday, December 22.

School Re-convenes Friday, January 5.

Spring Term Begins Tuesday, January 30.

Washington's Birthday, Wednesday, February 22.

Exercises by the Literary Societies.

Spring Normal Opens Thursday, March 14.

Commencement Sermon, Sunday, May 19.

Commencement Day, Wednesday, May 22.

Philomathean Anniversary, First Saturday in November.

Sigma Delta Anniversary, Third Saturday in December.

Erolethean Anniversary, First Saturday in February.

Phi Sigma Anniversary, First Saturday in March.

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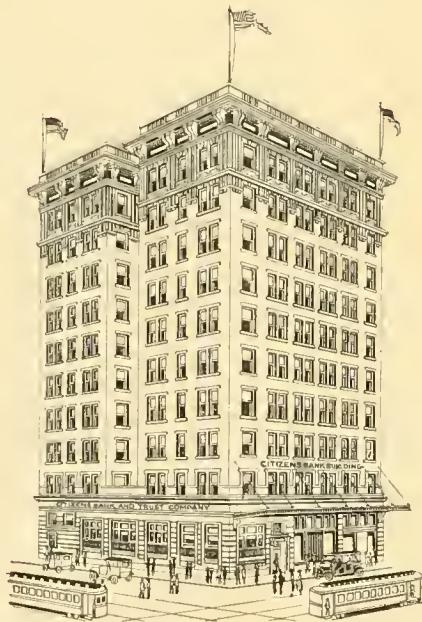
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